

American

MARCH 25 CENTS

MERCURY

BUT WHO DOES IKE LIKE?

THE TREASON
OF THE PROFESSORS

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR
AMBASSADOR TO MOSCOW

WILL TAXES
MAKE LIARS OF US ALL?

Teaching Manners to the Irish

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American

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Founded by Henry L. Mencken

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EDWARD HUNTER

If I Were Mao Tse-Tung

A firsthand report from Hongkong by the well-known foreign correspondent and author of the recently published Brainwashing in Red China.

SAM BOAL and SERGE FLIEGERS

The Biggest Theft in History

How Cuba's one-time Minister of Education carried off 175 million dollars in cash from the State Treasury — and got away with it.

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In the



MERCURY'S

OPINION

There is Little Virtue in Unity

What we Americans need to avoid in 1952 is unity. "Give us a man who can unify us!" is a shout that will be heard across the land, and we should distrust it. For this country doesn't need unity; we need clear division. We need forthright statements of opposing principles; and we need an unmistakable victory for one set of principles over the other.

A threat to the cause of freedom this year is the possibility that the American election won't decide anything — that there will be so much "unity" and "bipartisan policy" that decision will be avoided, and our deepening confusion will only lead to more cynicism and despair.

Unity is for slaves. The lock step is the perfect manifestation of unity,

and nothing sounds so unified as a crowd of common men chanting under the window of a dictator. The most effective Judas goat of the totalitarians has been the "good, sincere lover of humanity" who has stood before men and pleaded for the "united front."

The advocate of unity in America in 1952 should be regarded by free men as just as foolish and just as dangerous as the "great humanitarian" or the "great liberal." For unifiers, liberals, and humanitarians have come very close to delivering all the world into slavery in our time, and only by recognizing them and removing them from power can we restore hope for mankind.

Of our candidates this year we should demand that Republicans be conservative and Democrats be liberal. We should hold in contempt

all "New Deal Republicans" and "conservative Democrats": such mugwumps only multiply confusion and delay decision. All earnest and industrious Americans, no matter what their views, should grant the necessity for *decision* and should resent the trimmer who tries to pretend that decision can be safely avoided.

The American election of 1952 is *about something!* There are issues to be settled, and unless the election results in judgment on these issues, then the election will have been a failure and the elective process will have become more suspect.

First, the election is *about* Soviet Russia. There is a group of Americans, led by Dean Acheson, who bear the responsibility for abetting the growth of Soviet power in Europe and Asia. There is another group of Americans who recognized the nature of this Soviet power at least twenty years ago and tried to prevent its growth. There is no room for unity or coalition here: what is demanded is a decision between these two groups. Is Acheson to be adjudged "the greatest Secretary of State since Seward" and confirmed in power, or is he to be replaced by men who have tried to prevent the growth of Soviet power?

Second, the election is *about* Korea. Truman and Acheson, without the consent of Congress, took this nation into the Korean war and then lacked the courage to win it. The

opponents of Truman and Acheson first opposed the commitment of our ground troops in Korea, and then, after the commitment, insisted that we commit enough to win. There is no room here for bipartisan policy: what is demanded is decision.

Third, the election is *about* the size of government. Under the Democrats the government has constantly grown larger, expenditures have multiplied, and taxes have increased each year. The men in control of the Democratic Party believe that government should get even bigger; the President's advisers have advised that taxes should go higher. The Republicans believe that government should get smaller, that expenditures should be cut, and that taxes should be decreased. There is no room for unity here: what is demanded is forthright decision.

And fourth, the election is *about* honesty. Truman and his gang are either honest or dishonest; they are either capable or they are blunderers; they are either wise or foolish. Truman and his gang are the Democrats; Truman's record is the Democratic record; and whether Truman runs or not, his record is the issue. There is no room for unity here: the American people must sit in judgment on Truman and either approve him in power or reject him.

The Americans who deserve attention in 1952 are those who are seeking to explain, to understand,

and to decide the issues. The Americans who do not deserve attention are those who are seeking to confuse, to delay, and to pretend that the issues are not there.

This is a year for argument, for Great Debate, for forthright struggle, and then for decision. It is a year to believe in something, to stand up and be counted. No decision will be worse than a wrong decision; and therefore the election of a "liberal" or "New Deal" Republican will be worse than the reelection of Truman.

On Recognition of Red China

That Secretary of State Acheson has regarded both Soviet Russia and Red China with hope is a matter of record. He was one of the crusaders for Soviet recognition in 1933. His friend, Alger Hiss, sat at Roosevelt's side at Yalta. He was the leader of the State Department clique for the Chinese Reds. Just before the Korean invasion he announced that we had no plans to defend either Korea or Formosa. So few Americans will be surprised to learn that Great Britain extended recognition to Red China "with the full knowledge and approval of the American State Department."

During a television appearance in New York in January, 1952, Beverley Baxter, a knowledgeable member of the British Parliament, declared:

There has been a great deal of criticism here in America of our British recognition of Red China. What few Americans — even newspapermen — seem to know is that we consulted at length with your State Department before we extended this recognition. In your State Department we found no opposition to our proposed move; as a matter of fact we have every reason to believe that we proceeded with the full approval of your government.

The Debt-Paying Lie Is Repeated Again

In *Collier's* of February 9, 1952, there is an article, "The Riddle of Mrs. Truman," by a competent writer, Helen Worden Erskine. The article contains this paragraph:

Independence friends believe Bess Truman's respect for money traces back to the 15 years she and Harry put in paying off every last debt incurred by his failure in the haberdashery business. "She kept the books," said one. "She saw what was happening."

It seems unlikely that Mrs. Erskine and the capable editor of *Collier's*, Louis Ruppel, do not know that this is a fantastic lie. They probably know that it is a complete and contrived lie, and their defense for repeating it is that it makes a proper story about a President of the United States and his wife. It is a myth that ought to be true, and that people want to believe is true.

And so the two million readers of *Collier's* read this lie and nod their heads. They have read the lie before, but it has now become truth. A statement made by both Lester Markel, Sunday editor of the New York *Times*, and by *Collier's* is bound to be true — and if it isn't true it ought to be true — and that makes it true.

The men who write *THE MERCURY*, and the 100,000 persons who read it, we happen to be a breed of Americans who prefer truth to lies. We can understand how mass media prefer to produce lies for their masses; but for ourselves we'd rather seek the truth. And the truth about Truman is that he is a liar and a dead beat; he and Mrs. Truman did *not* pay his debts; and he — and apparently she — abetted the promulgation of a Big Lie for political purpose.

The *Collier's* story inspires some interesting questions. If Mrs. Truman was a child of wealth and is one of the heirs to a \$500,000 fortune, then why *didn't* she help Truman pay his debts? Why did she allow her husband to borrow \$35,000 illegally from the Jackson County school funds in 1938? Why did she allow Jackson County to foreclose in 1942 on Truman's mother's farm and dispossess the old lady? Why did she allow Truman's bad checks to float around Kansas City and Independence for years and become collector's items?

For those Americans who would like the truth and who obviously can't get it from such publications as *Collier's* or the *Times*, we have at *THE MERCURY* a few more reprints of our article, "Is Truman Honest?" More than a million of these reprints have already been distributed, but apparently a few million more will have to be circulated if the truth is ever to catch up with the lie.

And our offer still goes: we will pay one thousand Truman dollars to any man, woman, or child, of any race or creed, who can establish that Truman is a debt-payer.

We will not, however — as was rumored in Kansas City — pay \$100 apiece for Truman's old bad checks. We refuse to pay more for those checks than they have been worth to the people to whom Truman gave them.

The President Recommends Thrift

Since *Collier's* and the New York *Times* insist that Truman is the ruggedly honest American who went broke but who valiantly paid in full all his debts, we recommend that they take Truman's Thrift Week statement, issued January 16, 1952, and frame it for their editorial offices:

I am sure that Ben Franklin would look with pronounced approval on the practice of thrift as a national habit. But Franklin would hasten to point out that any observance of

Thrift Week should first and foremost stress the importance of practicing thrift the year around.

We vitally need thrift in America today. We need persistent, determined thrift. The more of it we have, the sounder will be the economic foundation of our defense program.

If every American makes an earnest effort to be very prudent about his spending and very zealous about his saving during these critical days, we shall accomplish more surely and more speedily the task of safeguarding America's future.

Has Churchill Lived Too Long?

As a lifelong admirer of Winston Churchill, we find it tragic that the old man has lived so long. It always seems sad when an old cavalryman who has known grandeur sticks around and tries to clean up after the horses.

In his recent address to the Congress of the United States the greatest orator of his time had his foot in his mouth more often than Truman does on his worst days. He said that he didn't come for gold but for steel, and he meant it as an oratorical flourish, but the Congressmen laughed at the joke. Then he congratulated the Congress on supporting the President's sending of our troops into Korea, and the Congress-

men laughed again. Hadn't the Prime Minister heard? The President never saw fit to allow the Congress its privilege of supporting his action in Korea.

Then Churchill wound up and let the old British lion roar. He warned the Chinese Reds that if they failed to reach or later broke an armistice in Korea, well . . . retaliation would be swift and sure and terrible.

Within an hour after his address the British Foreign Office was busy "clarifying" what the Prime Minister had said. Does Churchill, greatest rhetorician in the language, need to be "clarified" by civil servants? The Prime Minister, it developed, had missed the mark in almost every paragraph in which he had taken aim.

Perhaps the aging Churchill only symbolizes Britain herself. Last of the doughty Englishmen, he now will have to be tended and corrected by those of us who respected him in his better days.

The MERCURY Moves And Grows

To all our subscribers and correspondents, we call particular attention to the fact that THE AMERICAN MERCURY now has new offices. The new address is:

11 East 36th Street,
New York 16, New York.

ALICE WIDENER

The REAL

George F. Kennan

THE STORY BEHIND "MR. X"

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS 1951 the President appointed a new Ambassador to Moscow — George Frost Kennan. He is perhaps better known to the American people as the mysterious "Mr. X," author of our State Department's "Containment" policy toward Communism.

Mr. Kennan is currently associated with the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton University. From that outpost of higher learning he will go to his appointment in Moscow. The journey will not involve a new country or language to this Milwaukee-born career-diplomat, who, at forty-seven, has already done his stint in the Soviet Union and introduced (via

Alice Widener is co-author with David Snell of a book on Stalin's plan for world conquest to be published in July 1952 by Harcourt Brace.

his anonymous article in *Foreign Affairs*, July, 1947) the State Department's official present policy toward Soviet Russia.

Now the unfortunate truth is that most Americans don't even know that we have a foreign policy toward the Soviet Union. This is not because they are uninterested or ignorant, but because they are uninformed by our present Administration. That an unidentified "Mr. X" had to inform the American people in a publication with only a few thousand circulation of one of the most momentous decisions in modern history indicates that neither the State Department nor Mr. Kennan considered it necessary to take the public into their full confidence.

Mr. Kennan himself made clear the beliefs underlying this reticence in an exclusive interview to the *New York Herald Tribune* at the time of

the MacArthur hearings in June 1951.

"The primary job, Mr. Kennan replied, is not to try training a nation of policy makers but to educate 'discriminating citizens, capable both of understanding and of restraint.' He felt that unless schools can produce 'intellectual humility,' they have failed in 'the first purpose of education.' . . .

"Mr. Kennan warned against the idea that the people at large ought to take an active part in the making of policy . . . 'a tremendous intellectual exercise.' If the present trend illustrated by lengthy public hearings continues, he fears a deterioration of representative democracy."

This statement sets Mr. Kennan somewhat apart from most of his readers in the qualities of intellectual snobbery, contempt for public opinion, and a liking for secrecy. His warning "against the idea that the people at large ought to take an active part in the making of policy" suggests that he has little faith in government of the people by the people. His idea seems to be that the government of the United States, and especially its foreign policy, should be left to an elite group of experts educated up to the point of understanding what it is all about. And his zeal for "intellectual humility" is such that he believes himself, at least, capable of the "tremendous exercise" involved.

This opinion is shared by Walter Lippmann, who described him as

"the most learned of our officials, the most experienced of our scholars" — and by Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who "doubted that there is a more intelligent man in America today than George Kennan."

On the basis of such recommendation the American people should take a long look at Mr. Kennan's record.

IN JANUARY 1946 the United States was in a crisis regarding its entire foreign policy. That policy had been based during the preceding five years on the mistaken wartime assumption that the Soviet Union was a faithful ally and would be a good friend of the United States. But less than a year after the war's end, a few American citizens and some government officials realized that the Soviet Union had been only a wartime associate of the United States and was now its deadly enemy. These Americans believed that the U. S. Ship of State was steering a wrong course in the turbulent sea of foreign affairs.

Mindful of a skipper's duty, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal was then on the look-out for a successful way to navigate that ship. What he sorely needed was a proper guiding instrument in the form of an objective analysis of the Soviet Union's true nature, aims, and policies. But though the Secretary searched high and low in all depart-

ments of the United States Government for such an instrument, it was not to be found.

"There is no place in government where such a study has been made," he wrote in his diary on January 7, 1946, "at least I have been unable to find one."

Meanwhile, waves of Soviet post-war power pounded at Poland, Greece, Turkey, the Middle East, and all the Baltic and Balkan countries. When Soviet troops were in Iran, the State Department was apparently forced by the pressure of a minority opposition group led by Forrestal to send an S.O.S. for information to the American Embassy in Moscow. Decoded in colloquial terms, the message asked the vital questions: What is the Soviet Union really up to in international affairs? What should the United States do about it?

At that time, however, the then American Ambassador was absent from Moscow. And so the State Department query was sent to and answered by the *Chargé d'Affaires* . . . Mr. George F. Kennan.

In reply, Kennan sent the State Department an eight-thousand-word cable dated February 1946. That extremely long dispatch gave in detail Kennan's own ideas about the true nature of the Soviet Union, about its plans and aims, and about what the United States should do to counteract them.

Kennan said that the men in the

Kremlin had "learned to seek security only in patient but deadly struggle for the total destruction of rival power, never in compacts and compromises with it." He continued: "We have here a political force committed fanatically to the belief that with the United States there can be no permanent *modus vivendi*." He also admitted that this is "not a pleasant picture," but cautioned the American people against "hysterical anti-Sovietism." What the American people should do, Kennan advised, was to extend the hand of friendship to this power which sought their "total destruction," and meet Soviet aggression with firm, patient, and polite resistance. Farther on, Kennan said Americans should be careful not to indulge in "threats or blustering or superfluous gestures of 'toughness.'" He later advised them against seeking from the Kremlin "a compliance too detrimental to Soviet prestige."

KENNAN'S FEBRUARY 1946 dispatch became one of the most influential documents in world history, and it marked the exact spot where the State Department laid the weak foundation of that shaky edifice, America's post-war policy towards the Soviet Union.

Before receiving Kennan's message the dominant group in the State Department had apparently thought and acted in complete ignorance of the truth about the

Soviet Union and Stalinist-Communism. Though that truth was readily available in Stalin's own unexpurgated writings, and also in the works of such experts on Marxism and the Soviet Union as Max Eastman, David Dallin, and others, the State Department group had been seemingly quite willing to deceive themselves or others with the epigram: "Russia is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." But after they read Kennan's dispatch, they believed or pretended to believe that Kennan had pierced the enigma, unwrapped the mystery, and correctly answered the riddle. He had not only told the truth about the Soviet Union, but by "tremendous intellectual exercise" he had arrived at the wisest possible conclusion: that the United States should calmly wait for Soviet power to "run its course." Mr. Kennan did not point out that if Soviet power is permitted to run its course, probably all the world will be under Soviet domination.

The Alsops' column reported on May 23, 1947: "This dispatch of Kennan's is by now pretty well accepted as the classic statement of the greatest problem confronting the modern world."

This opinion was held, so the columnists said, not only by the architects of American policy, but also by those British and other leaders abroad to whom Kennan's dispatch had been shown in confidence.

There's no easy way, therefore, to determine the accuracy of the columnists' report about what foreign government leaders thought of it. But there's not the slightest doubt that everything in the dispatch was entirely suited to the taste of the prevailing State Department group in Washington and to most of the present Administration's top leaders.

They found in the Kennan dispatch plausible arguments against Secretary of the Navy Forrestal's good advice, and that of a strong minority in and out of Congress, who wanted the Democratic Administration to tell the American people the truth about Soviet power and halt American demobilization. Kennan too advised the Administration to inform the people about the true nature of the enemy. But in the next breath he advised the Administration to extend the hand of friendship to the "cruel and wasteful" Soviet Union and not have any hard feelings or take any drastic action against it. Stalin would die someday, Kennan reminded his peers, and the Kremlin dictatorship might undergo a "gradual mellowing" within the next ten to fifteen years. Later he explained that "when Soviet power had run its course" the U.S.S.R. might somehow disintegrate from within.

The Democratic leaders grabbed at this piece of wish-thinking, which furnished them with an excellent means of saving political face. For,

of course, if no drastic anti-Soviet action were needed, then there was no need to disavow the wartime opinion that it was possible to get along with the Soviet Union. Better still, from the Administration's point of view, there was no need for a drastic revision of past foreign policy, and consequently no need for an open, honest avowal of mistakes made at Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, London, Moscow, and San Francisco.

ALL DURING 1946 the State Department kept Kennan himself out of the limelight but quoted the substance of his fact-and-fantasy dispatch on every pertinent occasion. For them Kennan had said the last word on how the United States should deal with the Soviet Union. His dispatch was indeed "the classic statement of the most important problem confronting the modern world."

The State Department's extraordinarily quick acceptance and extravagant praise of Kennan's ideas leads the dispassionate observer to wonder whether they were quite as original with Kennan as is pretended. There are students of foreign affairs who believe it may not have been accidental that the State Department sent its February 1946 query to Moscow when the American Ambassador was absent, that the State Department knew in advance what kind of reply it would receive from Kennan.

At any rate, the receipt of Kennan's famous cable was the starting point of a meteoric rise in his career. Soon he was recalled from Moscow and appointed to serve as the first civilian deputy for foreign affairs at the National War College in Washington, D. C. After a year, Secretary of State Marshall issued a directive for the establishment in the State Department of a long range policy planning division and appointed Kennan to set up and head it.

In choosing his associates, Kennan picked as his Far Eastern adviser Mr. John P. Davies, who had served the State Department in China for many years and was political adviser to General Stilwell, the acid critic and detractor of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. This choice of Davies, who strongly advocated Communist participation in the Chinese National Government, was indeed a strange act on the part of a man who regarded himself and was rated as an expert on Stalinist-Communism. In his famous dispatch, Kennan quoted a statement Stalin made to a delegation of American trade union workers in 1927. Stalin told these Americans that "in the course of the further development of the international revolution" there would emerge "two centers of world significance," and that "the battle between these two centers for command of the world economy would eventually decide the future of world developments." This suggests

Kennan had studied Stalin's writings and speeches of the year 1927 and makes it almost unbelievable that Kennan overlooked the most important of them all — Stalin's speech entitled "The International Situation and the Defense of the U.S.S.R." delivered to a Joint Plenum of the Control Committee and the Central Control Committee of the All-Union Communist Party on August 1, 1927. In this major address on foreign policy, Stalin took up in detail the question of China and issued orders to the Communist International to carry out in that country three basic steps: (1) Communists should join with Chiang in organizing "a general united front"; (2) Communists should then work "in the rear and within Chiang's divisions in order to disintegrate them"; (3) Communists should then overthrow the Nationalist Government and bring about "Soviet China."

UNLESS KENNAN purposely ignored Stalin's key speech, it is clear that the Democratic Administration's foremost expert on Communism was less than half informed about it. His analysis of the Soviet Union in the famous 1946 dispatch was based on a minor instead of a major policy address made by Stalin in 1927. In the major address, Stalin referred to and reaffirmed a previous proclamation that "the road to revolution in the West lies through the colonial and dependent countries."

He also repeated his previous *designation of China as the most important of all these countries* and his call for *the creation of a Revolutionary Chinese Army to be used for the overthrow of British and American power in the Pacific, for the conquest of all Asia and its "integration with the home and hearth of the world revolution, the U.S.S.R."*

Mr. Kennan cannot escape criticism for by-passing this all-important pronouncement on the ground that he did not pretend to be an expert on the Far East. For anyone sufficiently informed about the Soviet Union to write a policy-making article on "the sources of its conduct" does not have to be told that *Soviet policy towards China always has been and is now indivisible from Soviet policy towards the United States and Great Britain.*

The fact is that Mr. Kennan's disregard or ignorance of Stalin's speeches and writings on China was largely responsible for China's fall to the Communists. As Minister-Counselor at the American Embassy in Moscow, Mr. Kennan should have warned the State Department that Stalin had no intention of carrying out the Sino-Soviet agreements decided on at Teheran and incorporated into the Yalta conference. But George Kennan seems to have been hoodwinked by Stalin on the subject of China. At a meeting of civilian consultants on China held by the State Department in 1949, the

question was raised as to whether the United States Government had known in 1945 that Stalin intended after the war to give aid to the Chinese Communists. The answer was no, Kennan implied, and added: "I remember Stalin snorting rather contemptuously and vigorously because one of our people asked them [the Russians] what they were going to give to China when this [the war] was over, and he said in effect: 'What the hell do you think we can give to China?'" Then Kennan added: "And I think he was speaking quite sincerely."

As history has shown, Kennan's belief in Stalin's sincerity was extremely naive. And yet Kennan had then had twenty years experience as a professional diplomat, and was regarded by Administration leaders as the nation's foremost expert on how to handle Stalin. Furthermore, Kennan stubbornly persists in his major error and delusion about Stalin's Communism. For in 1951 in the midst of the Soviet-American jet air war over Korea, he wrote in his book, *American Diplomacy 1900-1950*, "But to what extent China can really be said to be part of the Soviet system we do not know."

THERE ARE STILL MORE astonishing aspects of Mr. Kennan's career as an expert on Russia and planner of United States policy towards that country. The sequence of events in 1947 just before and after

he set up and headed the policy planning division shows clearly that it was Mr. Kennan who changed the Truman Doctrine, or "get tough" policy, into a "don't injure Soviet prestige" policy.

In brief review, the events were as follows: On March 10, the President went before Congress and announced what is known as the Truman Doctrine or "get tough" policy, a plan to provide military and economic aid to nations resisting Soviet aggression, specifically Greece and Turkey. In April, Kennan received his appointment to the foreign policy division. In June, "the Marshall Plan" was described by the Secretary of State at Harvard University. In July 1947, the Containment Policy was described by Mr. Kennan in *Foreign Affairs* under the nom de plume "Mr. X." Thus three separate foreign policies towards the Soviet Union were announced within the short space of four months.

Even the most experienced journalists were bewildered. On July 21, *Newsweek* Magazine thought the new Containment Policy "significantly paralleled the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan." But on July 25 *Newsweek* declared "the Kennan ideas are back of a shift away from the so-called Truman Doctrine of open and outward toughness in dealing with Russia," and pointed out that the Kennan ideas had inspired the Marshall Plan and the new Containment Policy.

As to whether the Containment Policy was or was not a shift away from the Truman Doctrine, the testimony of Stalin's henchman, Andrei Zhdanov, may be illuminating. In Poland during September 1947 he bragged that "progressive elements" (Communist elements) "within and outside the United States" had forced the abandonment of the Truman Doctrine which accounted for the "necessity of the appearance of the Marshall Plan."

As a matter of fact, *Newsweek's* second thought on the subject was substantiated by most of the responsible newspapers including the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*.

The *Tribune* carried an article stating "that Mr. X. was the man who was behind the Marshall Plan and had warned that the United States should not bluster or get tough." A writer for the *New York Times* said that "Secretary of State Marshall was perhaps unhappy over the interpretation of the Truman Doctrine, and had dumped the problem of Western Europe into the lap of the State Department policy planning staff which, without any preliminary period of orientation, would now have to begin with big things first."

Mr. Kennan surely did begin his career as head of that staff with big things. But it is not correct to say that his Containment Policy had no

previous orientation. As has been suggested, both he and the dominant group in the State Department apparently decided upon that policy at the time of his 1946 dispatch. The Containment Policy is, in fact, a repetition of that dispatch with very little added. Furthermore, the Kennan Dispatch and the Mr. X. article of July 1947 are virtually the same thing. Mr. Kennan did not materially alter his ideas on Russia and the world during the intervening period, nor has he yet done so. For Mr. Kennan's recent book, *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950*, takes a semi-Marxian view of a half century of American foreign policy which subtly supports the Containment Policy and aims at justifying its fundamental weakness.

KENNAN'S GENERAL ATTITUDE towards American diplomacy 1900-1950 is epitomized in the statement in his book about our granting of independence to the Philippine Islands:

"... in the thirties we decided to set them free, and we recently did so, but not really primarily for their sake — not primarily because we were sorry for them or thought them prepared for freedom and felt that we had an obligation to concede it to them ... but rather because we found them a minor inconvenience to ourselves, because the economic intimacy that their existence under our flag proved uncomfortable to

powerful private interests in this country . . .”

Thoughtful students of the subject will readily grant there were a few Americans selfishly interested. But only a mind swayed by the dogma of the Marxians would make the above doctrinaire statement. Instead of “powerful private interests,” Kennan might as well have used the propaganda phrase “Wall Street imperialists.”

The truth of our attitude as a nation was better expressed by President Roosevelt in an address to Congress on March 2, 1934:

“Over a third of a century ago, the United States as a result of a war which had its origin in the Caribbean Sea, acquired sovereignty over the Philippine Islands which lie many thousands of miles from our shores across the widest of oceans. Our nation covets no territory; it desires to hold no people against their will over whom it has gained sovereignty through war. . . .

“In keeping with the principle of justice and in keeping with our traditions and aims, our government for many years has been committed by law to ultimate independence for the people of the Philippine Islands. . . .”

To a mind not twisted by the materialist dialectic, our treatment of the Philippines is the best possible refutation of Mr. Kennan’s cynical pronouncement that “A war fought in the name of high moral

principle finds no early end short of some form of total domination.”

IS IT SURPRISING, in view of Kennan’s evident Marxian bias, that his final advice on foreign affairs is that the American people should throw over their moral principles and the principal tenets of their democratic civilization?

“As you have no doubt surmised,” he wrote in 1951, “I see the most serious fault of our past policy formulation to lie in something that I might call the legalistic-moralistic approach to international problems. This approach runs like a red skein through our foreign policy for the past fifty years.

“It is the belief that it should be possible to suppress the chaotic and dangerous aspirations of governments in the international field by the acceptance of some system of legal rules and restraints. This belief undoubtedly represents in part an attempt to transpose the Anglo-Saxon concept of individual law into the international field and to make it applicable to governments as it is applicable here at home to individuals.”

Actually it appears to be Kennan who is weaving a red skein through our foreign policy. And the strands of Kennan’s red skein are dyed in the vat of Marxian philosophy. For a cardinal tenet of this doctrine is its rejection of both the legal and the moral approach to mankind’s prob-

lems. Joseph Stalin declared: "The scientific definition of Communism is the dictatorship of one class, alone unto itself, based on power, absolute power, and *not on any laws or regulations.*" (italics mine.) And Lenin said: "For us morality is subordinated completely to the interests of the proletarian class struggle."

Kennan asserted in his dispatch, which became the foundation of our foreign policy, that: "the Soviet party line is not based on any objective analysis of the situation beyond Russia's borders." And he added: "I, for one, am reluctant to believe that Stalin himself receives anything like an objective picture of the outside world."

LIKE THE APPEASERS of Hitler who did not take the trouble to read *Mein Kampf* and find out what Nazi plans were, Mr. Kennan has quite evidently not studied Stalin's "Marxism and the National and Colonial Question," which outlines his plan for world conquest. This book of Stalin's *objectively analyzes conditions in every nation on the face of the earth* and does so with deadly clarity and realism. The book contains a most accurate prediction of things happening in Egypt, Morocco, Yugoslavia, Indo-China and other troubled places.

As director of the United States Policy Planning Division coping with "the greatest task which our diplomacy has ever faced and prob-

ably will ever have to face," Mr. Kennan seems to have neglected to read the one book in which the terms of the problem are concretely set down. No wonder the net result of his "tremendous intellectual exercise" on this problem came merely to the following weak and false maxim:

"It is the *sine qua non* of successful dealing with Russia that the foreign government in question should remain at all times cool and collected and that its demands on Russian policy should be put forward in such a manner as to leave the way open for a compliance not too detrimental to Russian prestige."

Since 1947, Mr. Kennan's maxim has guided United States policy towards the Soviet Union.

The ultimate service of Mr. Kennan's maxim is made clear by the statement of a renowned authority on the Soviet Union, David Dallin, who wrote recently:

"Prestige is the leaning pillar of Stalin's new structure. . . . This empire can withstand famine, war, and purges but it cannot withstand a substantial diminution of its prestige." *

At the end of Mr. Kennan's book, *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950*, he applies his maxim to the Voice of America with the net effect of weakening its vocal cords.

* *The New Soviet Empire*, Yale University Press, 1951.

"Its function . . . with respect to Russia," he says, "is to reflect as faithfully as possible the atmosphere and attitudes of this country, in order that the Soviet citizen may form a fair judgement of them. But this is an entirely different thing from urgings toward this or that political action . . .

"It would be a mistake for us to be too explicit and to make these things the basis of suggestions and promptings to him (the Soviet citizen) about what he should do in the internal political life of his own country."

IN AN INTERVIEW published in the New York *Herald Tribune* last March, Mr. Kennan warned the American people "against any attempt to overthrow the Soviet system by propaganda and agitation and suggested the most important influence that the United States

could bring to bear upon the internal developments of Russia would be the 'influence of example.' "

A month before that, he had declared in a speech at Northwestern University: "We have no right to recommend our institutions to others. Not only that, we have no right to expect others to understand entirely what it is we are doing here in this country."

How then is our "influence of example" to be exerted? And which way, when all is said and done, is Mr. Kennan facing?

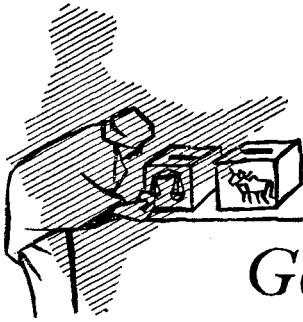
This, at least, is the sum and substance of his Containment Policy. And the final test of its wisdom is the question: During the years 1947-1952 has or has not the expansion of the Soviet Union been contained?

The answer to that question, obvious in a glance at the world map, is — No.

Machiavelli Revisited

I cannot resist the thought that if we were able . . . to refrain from constant attempts at moral appraisal — if, in other words, instead of making ourselves slaves of the concepts of international law and morality, we would confine these concepts to the unobtrusive, almost feminine, function of the gentle civilizer of national self-interest in which they find their true value — if we were able to do these things in our dealings with the peoples of the East, then, I think, posterity might look back upon our efforts with fewer and less troubled questions.

GEORGE F. KENNAN, in *AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, 1900-1950*,
The University of Chicago Press, 1951.



INDIA

Goes to the Polls

JEAN LYON

New Delhi, India

A YOUNG INDIAN named Mr. Rathor spent several weeks in 1950 at the King's Court Hotel in Bayswater, London. He was affable with the twenty-odd guests, sometimes took care of their children while they went to the cinema, sometimes repaired their radios or fixed the electric wiring. When Christmas came they chose him to play Santa Claus; he was suited to the role, for he was six-feet-three, and he weighed 250 pounds. But the guests at the King's Court Hotel did not know that this was a double

impersonation. Their Santa Claus wasn't really Mr. Rathor at all. At home in India Mr. Rathor was His Highness the Maharajah of Jodhpur, proud descendant of the proud Rathor clan of Rajput warriors. In spite of India's independence and the changed position of her one-time ruling princes, the Maharajah still owned three palaces and a great impregnable mediaeval fort, and he still received a privy purse from the Indian government equivalent to more than \$350,000 a year. In the past, he and his ancestors had ruled over a sun-drenched sandy area in India's Rajasthan in which over three million people lived.

Jean Lyon's dispatches from India have appeared in a number of our leading national magazines. She was formerly a New York Times correspondent in China.

When he returned to India last year, this man, who had been His Highness most of his life, found it

difficult to forget the few weeks in which he had been baby-sitting, radio-repairing Mr. Rathor. For him, that had been something of an adventure. So, out of a job, and looking for new adventure, he saw his chance when India went to the polls in her first nationwide democratic elections. He would run for Parliament.

The result was a campaign the like of which will probably never again be historically possible in India. It was Mr. Rathor, of Bayswater, London, who injected a masterly sentence into the Maharajah's election manifesto. "A prince in free India," he said, "should now rise to the level of the common man."

BUT AFTER THAT, Mr. Rathor of Bayswater, London, was largely eclipsed by His Highness of Jodhpur. It was probably inevitable. To the people of Jodhpur the Maharajah was part god, part favorite child, part layer of golden eggs. His hangers-on and political backers were largely the landed aristocrats, still clinging to their castles and forts and tribute-paying villages, and the orthodox, communal-minded Hindu groups. These were people who preferred the old order to the new. Hanwant Singh, Maharajah of Jodhpur, was soon playing the role they asked of him — that of the traditional Rajput king, leading the battle of his clan against the barbarian

invaders, who this time carried the Congress Party standard.

The role didn't require any practice on his part, and he needed no props. From the eight-storied palace inside the high walled five-hundred-year-old fort built on top of a hill which dominates the city of Jodhpur, the Maharajah descended daily like a god. Brightly turbaned peasants bowed low to him out of habit, and at election campaign meetings they surged around him, fighting for a chance to touch his feet or toss a handful of marigold petals at him.

He had fourteen private planes at his disposal. His air travel was hampered only by his reception at the airport. Seated at the controls of one of his Beechcrafts, headed out into the wild Rajasthan countryside, he prayed to Chamunda, goddess of the Rathors, to keep the people off the runway.

His goddess was a very important figure in the campaign. He called her "the Old Lady," and explained that she is the key member of his family. She is criticized by other Hindus for being thirsty for blood and wine, but the Rathors are proud of her tastes. "We drink and laugh in front of her when we are happy," the Maharajah said, "and when we are sad we go to her to drink and cry." She is carved of dark wood and wears a bright silk skirt trimmed in gold. She lives in a temple inside the fort, and once a day is offered a drop of blood which is taken from

the Maharajah's finger by a needle-prick. On his election literature was the slogan, "Jai Chamunda," ("Long Live Chamunda"), a familiar phrase to the peasants, who are old friends of the family goddess of their former ruler.

TRYING TO TRAIL this campaigning Maharajah was like trying to hang on to a surfboard. If I didn't have one foot in his jeep or on the dais where he sat cross-legged before he made a speech, I would suddenly find myself hundreds of feet away bobbing around helplessly in a crowd that was shouting, "Babji ki jai" ("Long Live our Father"), or "Jai Chamunda."

At one point, as he started to move from the dais to the jeep, the crowd carried him bodily to a nearby temple. He had already been seated inside, the people had draped garlands of fresh flowers around his neck and chanted innumerable verses of Hindu scriptures over him before I was able to find room enough in the crowd at the temple entrance to bend down and take off my shoes, which had to be removed before I could step foot inside.

All of this seemed extraordinary to me. To the Maharajah it was apparently nothing unusual. His bowing aides unctuously told him this was all proof of his being the people's choice, and he accepted their statements with regal self-assurance.

What he said in his campaign speeches seemed immaterial to me, but that may have been because I didn't understand Hindi or Marwari. Watching the faces and movements of the people at the meetings, I gathered that they felt much as I did. Like me, they seemed to be there to look. But perhaps I misjudged them.

The main purport of his speeches, I was told, was to make fun of the present government and the Congress Party. I had already discovered that in his non-public remarks about Congress and Congressmen, the Maharajah and his friends were likely to disclose the scorn of the aristocrat for the commoner. Some minister would be brushed aside because he was "nothing but a constable before Congress came into power." Another high-ranking Congressman was pigeonholed by His Highness for his reported lack of knowledge of the functions of the modern ice-box and flush toilet to which he fell heir when he came into office.

In his public speeches the Maharajah attacked Congress for alleged violations of Hindu religious laws, such as the encouragement of cow slaughter and the marriage of brothers and sisters—far-fetched accusations with no basis in fact. He also attacked the Congress government's proposed land reform for Rajasthan, which calls for the abolition of the *jagirdars* (the hereditary

overlords of large tracts of land and large numbers of peasants).

Jagirdars, in swish, pastel-striped starchy turbans, nodded approvingly at these remarks, and when the meetings were over, hovered around the Maharajah's fort like flies around a frosted cake. One whom I met casually in the Maharajah's wake told me he controlled sixty-four villages, and an undetermined number of human souls.

[The Maharajah's campaign came to an unexpected and tragic end — before the votes were counted. Late in January, after this dispatch had been sent, his plane crashed in the wild Rajasthan countryside, about sixty miles from Jodhpur. The people at the airport waited in vain. The Maharajah was dead. ED.]

IF, HOWEVER, the Maharajah and the *jagirdars* looked upon Congressmen with scorn, it was nothing to the way Congressmen felt about them.

Opposing the Maharajah was the gray-haired Chief Minister of the entire state of Rajasthan, once a newspaper editor and long a fighting Congressman, Jai Narain Vyas. He remembered the day he had written critically in his paper of the present Maharajah's father. He had called him down for the company he kept. "He is like a colorless bottle," editor Vyas had written, "which takes on the color of the liquid inside it." For that statement,

editor Vyas had been sentenced to six years in jail; he had served a year and a half of it before Gandhi's pact with the British released him.

"That was freedom under the Maharajahs," said Chief Minister and candidate Vyas scornfully in one of his campaign speeches.

In towns and villages outside the cities I kept running across Congressmen who, I would be told, had been leaders of such-and-such a peasant revolt in such-and-such a year. Unless I asked point-blank, "Did he go to jail?" I was not told. When I did ask, the answer usually was, "Of course."

I don't know exactly how much use Congress candidates made of these pre-independence experiences. In speeches reported to me, references to past jail sentences were few. Congress has been sufficiently taunted for emphasizing them, and Nehru himself stated at one Congress session that candidates were to be selected for competence and integrity, and not for jail sentences served under the British.

Campaign speeches in Congress seemed rather to emphasize various Congress achievements since India's independence and the difficulties the new government had faced. One of the major difficulties in Rajasthan had been three consecutive years of drought.

Attacks upon Congress came not only from the Maharajah and his men on the right, but also from the

Communist and Socialist left, whose following in Jodhpur seemed small but vocal. They criticized Congress corruption, Congress inefficiency, Congress insincerity, Congress muddle-headedness, Congress lack of interest in the people's welfare.

The criticisms fell on receptive ears. Peasants along the roadside in the country areas were quick to complain of rising prices, lack of cloth and food, lack of rain, lack of work.

When asked how they intended to vote, many would say, "We know nothing of 'vote.'" Or, "Our village elders will decide when the time comes." It was impossible to know whether their reticence came from ignorance, or from fear either of the party in power or of the *jagirdars* who still collected revenue from many of them.

Feelings ran high and deep, I was told. Certainly loudspeakers blared noisily, often until nearly midnight, which is late in a usually night-quiet Indian town or city. Some people expected violence on election day. Rajasthan, having the Rajput's fighting and shooting traditions, is not the most law-abiding and orderly state in India. There were repeated stories of roving bands of outlaws who shot to kill when they entered a town. They were described variously as disinherited sons of aristocratic Rajput families, demobilized Rajasthani army men who found themselves jobless when

Rajasthan became a state in the new Indian Republic in 1949, and just plain thieves. They also were credited with performing violence for political reasons, as well as for loot. But they, and the naturally belligerent Rajasthani peasant, were expected to make trouble on election day.

The armed constabulary had been altered. The police were out in full force. The state-owned taxis and jeeps had all been commandeered by election officials who spent the day cruising from one polling station to another.

BUT JODHPUR went to the polls with great calm. With the Maharajah's agents, and the Congress agents, together with a goodly smattering of Communist and Socialist agents all watching each other like hawks at the polling stations, a good many alleged violations of election rules were heatedly reported to election officials. These harried characters — schoolteachers, health officers, government workers, most of them brand new to the process of balloting — thumbed through their election law manuals and laboriously read out paragraphs during these altercations.

Finally Jodhpur city elections were over. Since the entire state returns were to be counted at once, the universal remark was, "Now, let us see." The people had a three weeks' wait for the results.

I was surprised at one description of my own role in the Jodhpur elections. The day after they were over I dropped in at the Communist office. A young man with slow and very precise English turned to me and asked: "You are an American?"

"Yes," I said.

"You belong to a capitalist country."

"Yes," I said.

"I knew you were here," he said. "I have been told that you came to Jodhpur to run the Maharajah's campaign, because America wishes the reactionaries to win in India's elections."

Perhaps it served me right for choosing Jodhpur as my observation post in these first Indian constitutional elections. It was by no means typical. Out of an estimated 30,000 candidates running for the 4,000 State Assembly and Parliamentary seats which are to be filled, only the small number of thirty were Maharajahs, and fewer were Chief Ministers.

But a sampling of several other places during elections had convinced me that no place was typical of all of India. And Jodhpur did have the main common denominators — a large mass of land hungry, and sometimes stomach hungry, peasants, largely illiterate and deeply religious, and a comparatively small number of politically aware or politically ambitious persons, who

were vying with each other for the peasants' favor.

NOW, WEEKS LATER, I am back in Delhi, and election day here is upon us. The actual day of voting has been staggered over several months throughout India to suit the weather, ploughing and planting, and the hard-working polling teams manned by civil servants, who must travel from one polling station to another to officiate. In Rajasthan some of them are going by camel. In other places they are travelling by mule, or bullock cart, or jeep. I have not yet heard of an election safari of elephants, but I am sure I could find one if I hunted.

The loud-speakers have been blaring all over Delhi: "Vote for the bullocks" . . . "Vote for the tree" . . . "Vote for the hut." . . . "Come to a meeting at the Ramlila Grounds tonight."

It had been the same in Jodhpur. The loud-speakers were mounted on jeeps and trucks, limousines and *tongas* (the Indian version of the buggy). "Vote for the bullocks." . . . "Vote for the camel." . . . "Vote for the engine." . . . "Come to a meeting in Gandhi Square tonight." Earlier I had heard the same cries in the echoing Himalayan foothills. The bullocks, the camel, the tree, the hut are all election symbols by which the illiterate voters are able to distinguish the ballot boxes of their candidates.

In some ways the method of voting by symbols, as the Election Commission worked it out, seemed a stroke of genius. The voter didn't have to know how to read and write. Once he had his name checked off on the official polling list, he was given his small pink ballot, about the size of a calling card, and all he had to do then was drop it in one of the ballot boxes lined up inside the polling booth. Each box had a symbol pasted on it, and if the voter knew his candidate's symbol, he was master of his secret vote.

BUT SOME of the voters have found the symbols hard to recognize or understand. A schoolteacher told me that for persons who have never seen drawings it is as hard to recognize the drawing of a bullock as it is to learn to read the letters which spell the word. One man was reported to have been confused between the cock and the bulls. (Two yoked bullocks are the symbols assigned for elections to the Congress Party, and the cock is a symbol for independent candidates.) He had to call in the presiding officer to tell him which was which. Another, who wanted to vote for the candidate whose symbol was the ladder, looked not for the picture of the ladder but for the ladder itself. Disgusted at not finding it, he left the polling booth without voting. One voter announced that he was planning to vote both for the cart and

for the bulls. When he was told that he could vote for only one of them, he remarked that one was no good without the other, and went off in his own bullock-drawn cart without voting, to the cheers of his admiring neighbors.

One man, according to a story from a presiding officer, spent an unconscionably long time inside the polling booth. In an emergency the presiding official is allowed to enter the polling booth, which in this case he finally did. He found the voter sitting on the floor cutting his ballot carefully into even segments. "It takes a lot of time to cut this into seven equal parts," he said. "But I promised all the candidates I would vote for them." There were seven candidates.

It has been reported that some women looked upon the voting process as a religious ceremony. They left their shoes outside the curtains, as they would outside a temple, then bowed before the ballot boxes and placed their ballots on top of one of the boxes as though they were placing an offering on an altar.

In one village I visited, I was told that on election night one of the candidate's wives found a lot of loose ballots on top or underneath all of the boxes when she went into the booth to vote. So she gathered them all up, and put them all in the proper slot on her husband's box.

Time and again villagers have

told me that they would vote according to the decision of their *panchayat*, which means a group of chosen leaders in their village or in their local caste group. According to reports from other parts of the country, these group decisions are fairly universal. A meeting of Delhi's laundrymen (they are called *dhobis*, and are a caste as well as a trade group) was held recently at which they planned to decide in a body for which party they would vote. They asked their *panchayat* to hold a caucus and then advise them. It did, and announced its decision in favor of Congress. Some of the *dhobis* dissented, and the meeting broke up in a heated argument, with each group determined to vote its own way after all.

Group decisions have been reported which have been made by lot drawings — the drawing determining the votes for an entire village or an entire voting district. These, it is said, are looked upon by the people as indications of the divine will.

One farmer whom I talked with in Rajasthan kept telling me that he would vote according to the decision which "Bhiman and I will make." When I asked him how his wife would vote, he said, "Bhiman and I will decide." When I asked him how the rest of his village would vote, he said, "Bhiman and I will decide." I never did find out who Bhiman was, or how he and Bhiman

had acquired their position of authority. But his answer by then did not surprise me, for I had met it in different forms before.

This does not mean, however, that there is much goose-stepping, or that the people are docile. If one village chooses "Bhiman and I" to make the decision for all, or the laundrymen choose to let their *panchayat* decide for them all, they are still making a choice. It is not as though they were falling in unquestioningly with some decision of a higher command. Even the lottery drawings in front of the local god are done more in the spirit of turning the matter over to a committee of experts than in the spirit of follow-the-leader.

IN THE MOUNTAINOUS AREA where the first of the series of election days was held, I found a surprising number of hillsmen, picked at random along the roadside, who knew for whom they would vote and why. The reasons were in general two: "Because he is a good man," and "Because he knows our problems and will help us."

Where the candidates were not personally known to so many of their constituents, the reasons for voting one way or the other were more indirect. But the people were slowly becoming aware that they did have a choice to make.

It has also been surprising how quickly the idea that the voting is

secret has spread. There were still many who, up until the moment they themselves stepped behind the curtain, could not believe that the opposition could not find out, if it wanted to, how you voted. But word spreads. And the idea that the ballot is secret has won credence.

An impecunious Socialist school-teacher whom I met was running against a well-to-do real estate man. The Socialist heard rumors that his rival was offering to pay voters' taxi fares to the polls, which is now illegal. The Socialist felt he would have a difficult time getting proof enough to lodge an official complaint, so he decided to use the secret ballot as his weapon against his opponent. "Take the money for the taxi ride," he told his constituents, "and go to the polls. But when you get there, no one will know how you voted. The ballot is secret. You can vote Socialist."

The government's polling officials have done much to give the secret ballot validity. Although some are being accused of using their position to influence the balloting, or have veered from the rules about secrecy, a number of those have already been dismissed and a re-poll ordered. Most of those polling officers I have talked to have been very much aware of the heavy fine or jail sentence awaiting them if they are caught manipulating the polls. And most of them are touchingly earnest about their responsibility.

If there were any widespread corruption among the polling officials, all of whom are government servants, it should work to the advantage of Congress. But even initial and partial returns give evidence that results are as much of a surprise to Congress as to everyone else. In Madras top Congress ministers have been roughly unseated. Communist *détenus*, either currently in jail or out temporarily on parole, have won several seats in Travencore-Cochin and in Hyderabad. Independents have been elected by the score all over the country.

Had Congress wanted to become the all-dominant, dictatorial party by jimmying the works, she certainly could have done a more thorough job of it.

THESE FIRST ELECTIONS in independent India are the biggest democratic elections the world has ever known. Somewhere close to 180 million adults in India, literate and illiterate, male and female, high caste and low caste, were eligible to vote. The percentage who did vote is not likely to add up to more than 40%, but even so that is a pretty gigantic first try. It's nearly one and a half times as many people as voted for President of the United States in 1948, and it is five times as many as voted the last time in British India. By far the great majority of these people were first-time voters.

The mere physical arrangements

for the polling are appalling to think of. More than 2,200,000 ballot boxes had to be manufactured and shipped to the far-off and inaccessible corners of India, some by mule or camel pack, some by backwater launches, some by bullock cart, some by airplane, some on coolie back. There were 620,000,000 ballots and 225,000 polling stations. The cost of all this was heavy enough for this young government (the steel ballot boxes alone cost an average of one dollar apiece), so neither curtains nor tables, desks nor nails, were provided for the polling officers. All these, or their makeshift counterparts, had to be found locally sometimes in places where there was little more in the way of furnishings available than someone's torn shawl. Even the polling stations themselves sometimes had to be strung between trees, when school buildings or empty houses could not be found.

Constitutionally, India is to elect its state assemblies and its lower house of Parliament — to be called the House of the People — every five years. India is now electing her first batch, to serve for their first five-year term — 496 members of the House of the People, and 3,392 representatives to the state assemblies.

The candidates for these offices have been far more numerous than anyone ever dreamed. Political parties sprang up all over the country to oppose the one nationwide, or-

ganized party — Congress. There were many natural and unnatural alliances made.

Prime Minister Nehru's opponent in his own home constituency in Allahabad is a yellow-robed *swami*, or Holy Man.

Sometimes this welter of candidates has been confusing. Voters have been deluged by symbols, leaflets, street corner meetings.

"The elections are like the wind," one turbaned road worker in the country remarked to me. "They blow all around us."

INDEED, at present, the elections are like a tornado which has swept India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. The tornado has swept everyone into its vortex — Oxford graduates and illiterate peasants, Maharajahs and the sweepers of latrines. It is a tornado that is bound to have its effects beyond the borders of India.

What it means is that for the first time in the history of Asia a major country has trusted its largely illiterate people to choose their own government representatives. Time will tell how well they have chosen. But the mere fact that they have been trusted to choose — that they now know by their own experience that they have some part in government — makes the Indian elections, 1952, a major event in the history of democracy, and perhaps a turning point for Asia.

How our professors
have betrayed the American people

The Colossal Flunk

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

JUST AS PRIESTS go to confession, and presidents to the polls, and distinguished men of letters to the critics, just so, the professors ought to turn to the American people for an occasional report card. As a layman, one of the signatures on the report card will be mine. For those professors who have dealt with issues of immediate and vital interest to the welfare and integrity of the United States, I vote a resounding flunk.

And the failure of the intellectuals is serious indeed in consideration of the nature of their relationship to the American people, who

William F. Buckley, Jr., a veteran of World War II, was graduated from Yale in 1950, where he won acclaim as a journalist and member of the Debating Society. He is author of the recent best-selling book, God and Man at Yale.

are a busy lot of folk. So busy, in fact, that they haven't the leisure to do as much contemplating as they ought to; too busy to do very much original research.

But just as the American people are in the habit of overcoming most of the technical obstacles that stand between them and prosperous and efficient lives, they long ago hit upon a solution to the problem of where to go for expert intellectual guidance: they would turn over a share of their revenues to the professors, who would not only teach their children, but also spend many hours in the dusty stacks of the university libraries (which the citizens would stock), additional hours in thinking hard about the practical and theoretical problems that constantly beset the community, the nation, and the world — and then they would publish

and preach their findings, to which the people would look for counsel.

Most people know that in 1936 Lord Keynes merely put into first-class English what the world has known time out of mind, that "the ideas of economists and political philosophers . . . are . . . powerful . . . Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men . . . are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. . . . The power of vested interests is usually exaggerated when compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas."

The people also know that the virtual monopoly exercised by the intellectuals in discovering new ideas or in fortifying old ones, is no grievous reflection on the people's own sovereignty. Not even the most fervent democrat bases his faith in representative government on the expectation that every voter will be an independent political philosopher. And after all, the professors must defer to the people to review their findings. It is for the people to accept those they see fit to accept, and to reject those they see fit to reject.

Still and all, nobody questions that the intellectuals have a major responsibility to make recommendations which will help harmoniously to regulate social life, and which

will guide our Congressmen, statesmen, and executives wisely to formulate national and community policies. History is very clear in revealing that no social movement has ever made or will ever make significant headway unless it has intellectual support.

The success of this democratic adjustment depends, of course, on the integrity of the professors, their devotion to truth at any cost, and, not least, on their perspicacity.

And in all these respects — one, two, three — the intellectuals as a whole have failed the American people who, in return for their faith, are left today looking, at point-blank range, at a catastrophic international situation, a staggering and martial economy, a looming era of domestic tyranny, and with it all, an arrogant and impenitent intellectual class.

WHAT BETTER START than to review the course of our relationship with the Soviet Union since that day in November, 1933, when the President of the United States, after quoting from a letter by Thomas Jefferson written in 1809 to the effect that Russia and the United States were "in character and practice essentially pacific, with a common interest in the rights of peaceful nations," clasped the hand of Maxim Litvinov and extended full diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Union. In return, Roosevelt re-

ceived a promise that Russia would refrain from any act "liable in any way whatsoever to injure the tranquility, prosperity, order, or security of the whole or any part of the United States . . . or any agitation or propaganda having as an aim the violation of the territorial integrity of the United States . . . or to bring about a change in the political or social order of the United States."

Now whose responsibility was it to confront Franklin Roosevelt with the available and overwhelming evidence that his capricious act was nothing more than an invitation to the Comintern to set up in the United States hemispheric headquarters for a violent revolutionary movement historically consecrated to the encouragement of class warfare and racial tension, to violence, slander, infiltration and sabotage and even to assassination to bring about the only honorable goal in the Communist code: total subjugation of the free world to the Kremlin?

By 1933, abundant, conclusive evidence about the nature of Stalinism was available to any dispassionate researcher. By this time, the Soviet Union had ruthlessly destroyed a whole class of her own people in pursuit of her doctrinaire goals. In prosecuting the personal and political enemies of her dictator, she had flagrantly scorned

those fundamental principles of justice and decency long ago recognized as indispensable to civilized society. She had fostered and directed revolutionary movements in Germany, Poland, Austria and Italy, in Argentina, Uruguay, Cuba and Mexico. It was known to the student of Communism that Commissar Zinovieff had written to his Comintern representative in Argentina that Mexican recognition of the Soviet Union had opened up "the brightest vista for the future, the greatest possibilities for international expansion, and source of possible difficulties for the United States . . .," and that the Secretary of the Communist International, R. Tomasoff, had written in February of 1932 that "The examination of reports from our commissars in Latin America during the last three months of 1931 leads us to decide to begin a period of concentrated revolutionary action. The lower classes of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru and Uruguay are ready to fight and bring down the established governments."

In short, there was evidence aplenty for whomever looked for it that Communist behavior was hewing close to Communist theory, that world revolution, directed by Moscow and backed by all the resources of the Soviet Union, was a central drive which no petit bourgeois considerations of decency or justice or humanitarianism or even

of promises to F. D. R., would be allowed to deflect.

THE QUESTION REMAINS, of course: Whose was the foremost responsibility to bring to light, insistently and diligently, the intellectual ammunition that the American people needed to repudiate the irresponsible and ignorant act of their Chief Executive? It was clearly not the factory worker or the housewife who was in a position to assemble relevant data about the Communist conspiracy and thrust them in the face of the electorate, no; the responsibility sat squarely on the shoulders of the academic community — to turn on the Communists and their activities a withering spotlight, and to do the same to any government, most especially our own, whose policies tended to enhance the estate of International Communism.

Yet a survey of the literature of the day reveals hardly a dissenting wave length originating from the nation's ivory towers. The reverse, in fact, was the case: the academic journals of the period treated compassionately and even encouragingly American Recognition, which served immeasurably to fortify Stalin's then faltering domestic position, and brought with it a reverberating international impact in its implications of American faith in the good intentions of the Soviet State. And it meant, for the United

States, diplomatic immunity for hundreds of Soviet saboteurs well armed with funds and propaganda and the know-how to fashion American foreign policy which only recently — after irreparable damage — has begun to shrug off the influence of the Comintern.

The academic betrayal of 1933 was only the precursor of consistent soft-headedness towards the Soviet Union which reached its peak in 1946. For during this era Russia was spoken of in countless classrooms throughout the country as the land of the great social experiment, very likely destined some day to present the world with the long sought-for formula for solving the world's nagging social and economic ills. These were the days of flourishing student "John Reed" Clubs and young Communist Leagues, whose members found themselves willing or unwitting participants in the Soviet conspiracy, clearly reflecting the behavior and ideals of their professors, so many of whom manned the mastheads of so many Communist Fronts.

It was during this period that Earl Browder made frequent appearances on campuses. It was during this period that Fellow Traveler Dr. J. B. Matthews made 250 talks in 48 states until he renounced Stalin and turned investigator for the Dies Committee. His apostasy abruptly ended all academic speaking invitations, yet Gerhart Eisler

continued to address college groups while awaiting deportation.

And the Dies Committee, of course, had to cope with the distilled calumny not only of countless politicians and journalists, but also with almost daily denunciations from the college lecture platform, just as its successor, the Thomas Committee, was assailed in the public press by almost the entire staff of the Yale Law School nine years later.

THERE WAS NO STOPPING the intellectual accolade for the Soviet Union, which bore fruit during the war in the tragic attitude of the Administration towards China, our ally in the East. The brief popular flurry against the Soviet Union when she attacked Finland lasted not much longer than the refrains from a few Finnish Relief Balls. The episodic insight of the people soon ended, and they turned back to uncritical adulation of Soviet Russia. How desolate and isolated were the few academic voices that desultorily warned against the drift of our international policies during war time, and how deafening and assured, by comparison, the clamor of approbation as Roosevelt glibly went about his business of preparing for the enslavement of millions of free men and a third world war.

The casual attitude of the intellectuals towards the truth was nowhere better typified than in their

tolerance of Davies' absurd and palpably dishonest *Mission to Moscow*, and their subsequent refusal to rally to the support of W. L. White's *Report on the Russians*.

The whole book reviewing trend, in point of fact, gave evidence of an unconscionable intellectual contempt for truth combined with an astounding absence of perspicacity, and it reached its peak with the alert reception, between 1943 and 1948, of books that dealt with Communist China. Far from insisting that the truth about China be spelled out to the citizenry, the academicians (with a few notable exceptions), led by such men as Harvard's John Fairbanks, Johns Hopkins' Owen Lattimore, and Columbia's Nathaniel Peffer, waged a constant battle to becloud the issues. Their efforts — taking into consideration what it was in their power to do — sealed the fate of 400 million Chinese, doubled the circumference of the Iron Curtain, and opened the dikes of the 38th Parallel in Korea.

HANDICAPPED FOR YEARS by the expert academic guidance they had so long confided in, the American people, enlightened primarily by shrewd and devoted newspapermen, finally broke through the fog. The month of July in 1948 will probably live as the turning point. The brilliant exposés in *Time* and *Life* and *Newsweek* of the Progress-

sive Party Convention, what it meant, what it was, and where it was going, threw light on our worsening crisis. And whereas there was abundant evidence — over a year old — that the Wallace candidacy was an instrument of Soviet foreign policy, it was not the college professors, the shrewd professional truth-seekers, who warned the American people what the Communists were about; it was most noticeably *Newsweek* Magazine (*viz* their notable September issue, 1947), the maligned editors of *Counterattack*, Fred Woltman of the New York *World-Telegram*, and various other journalists who apprehended the truth, showed the courage to cling to it, and the dedication to circularize it.

SO THE TIDE CHANGED. But many academicians (a diminishing number it is true), cloaked in “academic freedom” and swinging Diogenes’ Lantern whenever there was one other person in the room, stubbornly clung to falsehoods, deception, and intransigence. To such a point that when the notorious “Cultural and Scientific Congress for World Peace” raised its curtain at the Waldorf Astoria a year later — even amidst almost universal public awareness of its constitution and aims — we saw that it was chaired by a professor, that several college presidents originally consented to sponsor it, and that the Committee itself was

weighted down with academicians who thereby served notice to the American people that they would be the last to face up to their responsibilities as intelligent and honest men.

The tide, though, was not to be turned again, and although the Communist Peace Movement still finds notable support from the academicians, the American people, with their customary gentleness and occasional firmness, are teaching the professors the facts of life about the Communist conspiracy. And with such marked success that in July of 1949, a momentous, an extraordinarily illustrative event, at last served to graduate the professors from political kindergarten:

The National Education Association — the most powerful educational organization in the United States, one of the oldest, and manned exclusively by academicians — came rallying forth to the aid of God and country. Meeting in Boston, our blue-ribbon educators announced that membership in the Communist Party and its “accompanying surrender of intellectual integrity, render an individual unfit to discharge the duties of a teacher in this country.”

It took our most venerable educational group thirty years of digging to hit pay dirt which stared them in the face all the while; but hit it they did, though their pronouncement

struck their disciples, the American people, as being about as timely and valuable as would have been a resolution by the American Medical Association, meeting at about the same time, to the effect that men who believed all illnesses could be cured by staring into a kaleidoscope and muttering the Hippocratic oath would not make adequate doctors.

THE FAILURE of the professors to direct American thought and action into fruitful channels at times of crisis has thus been perhaps the most flamboyant academic characteristic of the recent past. But this is not the extent of the great intellectual travesty. Necessary to their total self-esteem is a friendly posterity. To that end, they set about to domesticate history. There is no better illustration of this than the academic reception to Revisionism.

It is no longer a controversial fact that Franklin Roosevelt's foreign policy between 1939 and 1941 was conducted independently of the wishes of the majority of the American people, and further, that he was not sincere when he publicly expressed his intentions to keep the United States out of war.

We must remember that for the purposes of this discussion it is altogether immaterial whether or not the American people have cause to be grateful to Roosevelt for his transcendent vision, for those actions which earned for him Professor

Basil Rauch's encomium, the "architect of our happiness." The question is rather whether history books will chronicle events and attitudes as they took place or as the dominant political party of the day would have had them take place. The question, of course, is not entirely academic, for lessons are to be learned from experience. If the American people know it as a historical fact that one President, with the aid of influential factions, friends and job-holders, was able by personal diplomacy to commit a pacifist and articulate nation to a world war, why then perhaps the Constitution should be amended to modify more specifically the Chief Executive's monopoly on making foreign policy.

But the people are not destined to know the particulars of Roosevelt's foreign policy because the intellectuals have banded together to short-circuit any attempt by a truth-seeker to reveal the truth.

Even Charles Beard, the most respected American historian of the past thirty years, was not trusted enough to penetrate the iron curtain that surrounds Roosevelt's activities during the period in question. His last book, *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War*, invited the concentrated wrath of the Ph.D. apologists for the New Deal, and earned for the last work of this titanic and objective thinker such epithets from his colleagues as "distorted," "petty," "vulgar," "per-

verted," "amateurish," "personal," "cheap journalism," "mythology," and so on. After the initial blast, calculated to discredit Beard once and for all, the vigilantes of Roosevelt's reputation have sat back to write their own "histories," satisfied with occasional oblique and evasive thrusts, as for example Louis Hacker's parenthetical remark in a review in the Winter 1951 issue of the *Yale Review* that Beard "did so many wise things and one foolish one."

WHILE BEARD'S REPUTATION entitled him to a frontal attack, most of the other revisionists met up with the tested silent treatment. Except for a few explosive and well-placed parries, the works of George Morgenstern, John Flynn, William Henry Chamberlain, and Frederick Osborn were simply ignored or treated to token reviews. And most always — where reviews appeared — the same group of hatchet-men were called in to preside over the assassination. Samuel Morison, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Harvey De Weerd, Orin Hall, Lewis Mumford, Harry Gideonse, Walter Millis, Charles Griffin, Samuel Bemis, James Minifie, Robert Sherwood, Henry Commager, Paul Douglas, Thomas Bailly, Basil Rauch, Edward Earle, and Allan Nevins — i.e., our ruling cadre of historians and publicists — can be counted on to step in and save Franklin Roosevelt from detached historical scrutiny.

The conspiracy against giving the American people the facts goes a great deal further than vicious attacks or total neglect of published revisionist books. Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, the solitary and neglected leader of the "struggle against a historical blackout," of the movement to "bring history into accord with facts," reports that sources of material vital to informed and exhaustive research into pre-war foreign policy are closed to objective researchers. Public documents of a sensitive nature are displayed only to hired hands who can be trusted to come through with the Court Interpretation of history. Another major obstacle to the researcher interested in exposing facts as they occurred is where to find a publisher. Were it not for two small publishing houses, the Devin Adair Company and the Henry Regnery Company, and for one sally by the Yale University Press, no revisionist literature would have reached the public. In fact, Charles Beard was so effectively smeared after his Roosevelt book that a leading publisher, committed to bringing out a memorial volume after Beard's death, paying tribute to his contributions, refused to honor his agreement.

Notice has been served, in short, that the prevailing political-historical orthodoxy is not to be challenged. It has been accepted by the majority of American intellectuals,

and that, and that alone, is sufficient reason for its uncritical acceptance by the masses.

Let it be perfectly clear, though, that the professors can speak up like nobody's business when they're offended, and in fact, constantly do. Available to them are the columns of almost every influential periodical in the United States, and also the radio, and now television. Editors cry for their copy, and resolutions by the National Education Association or by the American Association of University Professors have no difficulty reaching the news columns. Additionally, hundreds of thousands of Americans hear from them in lecture and commencement halls throughout the country.

Take the California Loyalty Oath as an example. The academic class, broadly speaking, decided they were opposed to it. Almost immediately, millions upon millions of Americans were unable to turn around without reading or hearing about the tyrannical regents of the University of California. Books, magazine articles, reviews, radio talks, forums, and inaugural addresses poured it on, till the American people began to think of the startled and well-meaning educators as worse than the Communists themselves, who never suffered from quite the equivalent tirade.

When the spirit moves the professors to pass along their opinions, they do it, and they are heard.

So why, we're entitled to ask, haven't the professors passed better advice along in the past? Why don't they insist that the truth be circulated, the consequences notwithstanding? Why, for example, don't the professors once and for all put the kibosh on the crazy notion that Madison and Jefferson and Hamilton in insisting on separation of Church and State implied that no courses in religion could be taught in the public schools? Why don't they point out that whatever their opinion of McCarthy, his charges were unfairly handled by the Tydings Committee? Why don't they publicly condemn the persecution of anti-Communists all over the United States, and rally around to their defense as glibly and consistently as they do to those members of the Fraternity of the Left whom they consider occasionally short-cut on their civil rights?

THE ANSWER, of course, is appalling; but there is no reason why the American people should be as afraid of the truth as the professors. The answer is that generally speaking, the academicians have at best lost their perspicacity; it is more likely that they have lost their appetite for truth and their integrity. And the outlook is all the gloomier for the knowledge that it's this same group that has educated the new generation with their concepts of truth and integrity and reason.

The Dour Drinkers of Glasgow

HUGH MACDIARMID

GLASGOW! "This savage, wild ridiculous city," as the playwright "James Bridie" called it, in a speech in which he very properly praised "the right kind of lunatic, daft, Scottish panache," an attribute most easily encountered in the pubs, but difficult to find elsewhere except (by accident) in the course of a battle, a political meeting, a love affair, a theological wrangle, or a literary controversy.

I have never been able, despite repeated efforts, to understand the

Hugh MacDiarmid, the consensus of literary critics agrees, is the greatest Scottish poet since Robert Burns. "To his followers," writes Neil MacCallum, "he is Scotland, a flesh and blood emanation of a country's imaginative will."

periodicity of those complaints against the Scottish pub which have been made during the past half century. Made, I suspect, when not by women or clergymen, either by English visitors or by Scots who, as Sir Walter Scott said, "unScotched make damned bad Englishmen." They are usually accompanied by envious comparisons with the amenities of English inns, which we are told are far more sociable and cater to family parties in a way Scottish pubs do not. For, in the latter, at their most typical, the rule is "men only" and "no sitting" — you stand at the counter with your toes in that narrow sawdust-filled trough which serves as a comprehensive combined ash-tray, litter-bin, and cuspidor. So it was when I first began

to drink nearly fifty years ago; so it still is for the most part. Certainly nowadays, in addition to the common bars and to the jug (or family) departments to which women, mostly of a shawled, slatternly, and extremely subfusc order, still repair with all the ancient furtiveness, there are bright chromium-fitted saloon bars, cocktail bars, and other modern accessories in the more pretentious places. And even in most of the ordinary bars there is now a fair sprinkling of women not only of the "lower orders" or elderly at that, but gay young things, merry widows, and courtesans. Men (if you can call them that) even take their wives and daughters along with them to these meretricious, de-Scoticised resorts.

Now, I am not a misogynist by any means. I simply believe there is a time and a place for everything — yes, literally, *everything*. And like a high proportion of my country's regular and purposive drinkers I greatly prefer a complete absence of women on occasions of libation. I also prefer a complete absence of music and very little illumination. I am therefore a strong supporter of the lower — or lowest — type of "dive" where drinking is the principal purpose and no one wants to be distracted from that absorbing business by music, women, glaring lights, chromium fittings, too many mirrors unless sufficiently

fly-spotted and mildewed, or least of all, any fiddling trivialities of *l'art nouveau*. If there are still plenty of pubs in Glasgow which conform to these requirements and remain frowsy and fusty enough to suit my taste and that of my boon companions, in another respect the old order has changed sadly and I fear irreversibly. Our Scottish climate — not to speak of the soot-laden, catarrh-producing atmosphere of Glasgow in particular — makes us traditionally great spirit-drinkers. That has changed. Most of us cannot afford — or at any rate cannot get — much whisky or, for the matter of that, any other spirit. There are, of course, desperate characters who drink methylated spirits. I have known — and still know — resolute souls partial to a mixture of boot-blackening and "meth," and I remember when I was in the Merchant Service during the recent War a few hardy characters who went to the trouble of stealing old compasses off the boats at Greenock (where we had the largest small-boat pool in Europe) in order to extract from them the few drops of spirit (well mixed with crude-oil and verdigris) they contained. But in Glasgow pubs today at least ninety per cent of the drinking is of beer — and mere "swipes" at that; "beer" that never saw a hop. I can remember the time when it was the other way about. What beer was consumed was used simply as a

"chaser" to the whisky in precisely the same way as a "boiler-maker" in New York. For of course you get drunk quicker on whisky plus water than on neat whisky, and whisky and soda is an English monstrosity no true Scot can countenance at all.

THERE ARE OTHER sorry changes in even the lowest-down pubs which in general hold to the grim old tradition of the true Scottish "boozers." The question of hours, for example. In London one can still drink legally twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. That is because London is a congeries of different boroughs which have different "permitted hours" so that by switching from one borough at closing time it is easy to find another where "they" will still be open for an hour or two longer. In Glasgow, moreover, unlike London, there are few facilities for drinking outside the permitted hours. For most people, that is. It will hardly be thought that I am pleading for decreased consumption, but I believe that the same amount of strong drink taken in a leisurely way over a fair number of hours is less harmful than the rush to squeeze in the desired number of drinks in the short time the law allows. Our national poet, Robert Burns, was right when he said: "Freedom and whisky gang thegither." What he meant is pre-

cisely what my own motto means: "They do not love liberty who fear licence." I speak for that large body of my compatriots who uphold this great principle and regard respectability and affectations of any kind as our deadliest enemy. There are, of course, clubs and hotels, but *hoi polloi* have nothing to do with either of these.

Only a few years ago there were also Burns Clubs which took advantage of a loophole in the law and did a roaring trade, especially on Sundays. You did not require to be introduced. You simply paid half-a-crown at the door and automatically became a member for the day. The difficulty — especially for the thirsty stranger within the gates, and indeed for the bulk of the citizens themselves — was to find these places. One heard about them. One heard, indeed, fantastic tales of the alcoholic excesses which went on there. But they were exceedingly difficult to find. You had to be "in the know." Suddenly they disappeared entirely. I have never been able to discover why. There was nothing in the press — and I could learn nothing over my private grapevine either — about police action having been taken. They must have been very profitable to those who ran them, and a substantial source of revenue to the "liquor trade" generally. They served a very useful purpose since no one not resident in a hotel and not a member

of a club could otherwise get a drink in Glasgow on Sundays. (It was — and is still — jolly difficult to get a meal even.)

During these two wars there were all kinds of interferences with the incidence and duration of the “permitted hours.” Quite a proportion of licence-holders got it into their heads that they could close earlier than the decreed closing-time — and even take a weekly half-holiday and in some cases shut shop and go off for a week’s holiday in the summer time. They still do, and act arbitrarily in many other ways. All that is, of course, quite illegal, although the magistracy and police authorities turned a blind eye at these irregularities and even welcomed them. The fact is, of course, as the very term “public house” shows, that the condition of the licence obliges the licence-holder to have his place at the disposal of citizens at all times — not necessarily for drinking at all; a citizen is entitled to have the use of these places whenever he wants if only to use the lavatory or shelter from the weather, or read his newspaper, or meet a friend. It would, in practice, be virtually impossible to fight this and other corrupt practices the authorities have winked at. Recognizing this, some of us tried to organise a “Consumers’ Union,” since the consumers are the only unorganised and helpless factor in the liquor situation. It proved im-

possible; the consumers won’t combine. They are far too individualistic. Though such a Consumers’ Union might have been very useful in certain connections *vis-à-vis* the Liquor Trade, the Municipal, State, and Police Authorities and every variety of blue-nosed snooper, I am on many other counts enough of an “unregenerate sinner” not to regret that the effort failed. Yet at times I like to toy with the idea that if it had been possible to organize even a high proportion of pub-users (leaving out consumers who consume elsewhere) the result would have been one of the strongest organizations in the world. No Trade Union, or combination of Trade Unions, would have been a patch on it.

I TRUST I have made myself clear. The majority of Glasgow pubs are for connoisseurs of the morose, for those who relish the element of degradation in all boozing and do not wish to have it eliminated by the introduction of music, modernistic fitments, arty effects, or other extraneous devices whatsoever. It is the old story of those who prefer hard center chocolates to soft, storm to sunshine, sour to sweet. True Scots always prefer the former of these opposites. That is one of our principal differences from the English. We do not like the confiding, the intimate, the ingratiating, the hail-fellow-well-met, but prefer the unapproachable, the hard-bitten,

the recalcitrant, the sinister, the malignant, the sarcastic, the saturnine, the cross-grained and the cankered, and the howling wilderness to the amenities of civilization, the irascible to the affable, the prickly to the smooth. We have no damned fellow-feeling at all, and look at ourselves and others with the eye of a Toulouse Lautrec appraising an obscene old toe-rag doing the double-split. In short, we are all poets (all true Scots — that is, all Scots not encased in a carapace of conventionality a mile thick) of *l'humour noir* and, as William Blake said, "All poets are of the devil's party."

There is a well-known story about Carlyle and Emerson spending several hours together without exchanging a word. Carlyle declared it was one of the best nights he ever spent with anybody. A lot of us spend many nights in Scottish pubs in the same way and we agree with Carlyle. Scotland produces a type of man who can dispense more completely than any with what James Joyce called "the atrocities of human intercourse."

THERE IS NOTHING less exportable than a national sense of humor. The Scottish temper I am writing about is little known abroad. Our internationally famous comedians purvey a very different account of us. The sorry joke is that so many Scots believe the latter and

model themselves all too successfully on it. Yet what I am trying to express is well-enough known about us in other connections. It is this that for centuries has made the Scottish soldier famous as a bayonet-fighter. A similar preference for naked steel runs through every phase of our life. It is summed up in the old Gaelic proverb: "Fingal's sword never needs to cut twice." Burns says in one of his poems that you need not be "nice" with him. No one need be "nice" with any true Scotsman — in fact, he will not allow it at all. The only kind of friendships one makes — or wishes to make or could tolerate at all — in such pubs were well described by my friend, the great Irish poet, the late W. B. Yeats, when he wrote: "I called him a knave and a fool — But friendship never dies!"

In other words, the injunction which is as one with the very marrow of our bones is "Woe to him of whom all men speak well." We have no use for emotions, let alone sentiments, but are solely concerned with passions.

One of the best essayists on aspects of Scottish literature, Mr. J. D. Scott, has pointed out how deep in Scottish life are the roots of this "slow and vicious enjoyment," this "formidable and ferocious scorn." It is the tremendous animating principle of three of the greatest modern Scottish novels — George Douglas Brown's *House With the Green Shut-*

ters, R. L. Stevenson's unfinished *Weir of Hermiston*, and Sydney Goodsir Smith's super-Rabelaisian story of Edinburgh today (doing for it what Joyce's *Ulysses* did for Dublin), *Carotid Cornucopius*. It is precisely this element, utterly different from English humor, that is the essence of any number of the most typical Scottish anecdotes. Like, for example, the story of the minister who told his congregation that in a dream he had seen them all in Hell suffering the tortures of the damned. "Ye lifted up your eyes to the Almighty God and ye said to Him, 'O Lord, we didna ken it would be like this', and the Lord God Almighty, (slowly and unctuously) in His infinite mercy and compassion, looked down upon ye and He said, 'Weel, nooye ken!'"

WE — (if I may speak for all of us) do not go to pubs for chit-chat, we do not wish them crossed with some sort of café or tea-party or concert or damned *conversazione*; we are fond enough of our women-folk, but there are times when we want away from them as no doubt there are times when they want to be away from us. The keynote of Glasgow life is still expressed in the song sung by Will Fyffe, the great Scottish comedian who died four years ago, which runs:

"I belong to Glasgow.
I'm only a common working chap,

But when I get two or three drinks
on a Saturday night
Glasgow belongs to me!"

Our attitude is not inhuman. We are experienced men of the world. We like what we like to be a little grim — in keeping with the facts of life, and loathe facile emotions. We cherish no illusions, and consequently prefer a mutual taciturnity to any sort of social joy, standing shoulder to shoulder with other men we do not know from Adam and do not want to know. We feel no necessity whatever to indulge in any airs and graces, are not fond of promiscuous conversation, at least of any sustained sort, and if our risible faculties are moved at all by the human spectacle, that movement only adorns our faces intermittently with some sort of *risus sardonicus* that in flicking across our features barely interrupts the emission of the dense smoke of the black tobacco going well in our clay pipes. It is, indeed, a sort of fleeting facial comment hardly distinguishable from the effect of that gagging which an unwarily deep swig at what passes for Scotch Whisky is apt to etch on the granitic features of even the most hardened soak.

Elsewhere I have summed up my regard for Glasgow in a brief poem "*Placenta Previa*," which runs:

"It'll be no easy matter to keep the
dirt in its place
And get the Future out alive in *this*
case."

On the last Hogmanay night (New Year's Eve), as on all its predecessors, no matter how dourly and darkly I take my pleasures, the same way some people keep snakes for pets, I once again, with a great upsurge of savage joy, recalled another verse of mine and practised what I preach, namely:

"O this is time for all mankind

To rejoice without a doubt

— And break the neck of the bottle
If the cork will not come out!"

And that is precisely how Scots do bring in the New Year. They gather in the public squares of their cities and towns, and as the bells ring out the Old Year and ring in the New, they empty their bottles and smash them on the street. On this most recent Hogmanay I was one of a company of many uproarious hundreds doing this in George Square, Glasgow, undeterred by the fact that a day of gale and sleet was giving way to snow and ice and that hundreds of people in Glasgow alone had been rendered homeless by blown-down houses or injured in the streets by falling chimney-pots and torn-off slates.

A wild night, so our merriment had to be correspondingly wild to lift our hearts above its hazards. A typical incident was the ripping apart of a newly-built school. It was hurled by the gale towards a house occupied by a family of Kellys. One section of the steel-framed

school was lifted in the air and wrapped round an electric standard at the Kelly's back fence. That standard saved the Kelly house. If it hadn't been there the school would have gone right through the house.

Hail Caledonia, stern and wild!

Scott Fitzgerald speaks of "Jay Gatsby breaking up like glass against Tom Buchannan's hard malice." I sometimes think all the shams and unveracities in the world will break up in the same way against the Scottish spirit of which I am writing. Scots of that particular mettle are the very salt of the earth. I am one of them and so I know. It would not pay anyone to dispute the point in any of the Glasgow pubs I frequent.

LET ME FINISH this Scottish letter on a different note altogether. Otherwise it will not be true to Scotland which is a country of sharp transitions and extraordinary variety, in its landscape, weather, people and everything else. Glasgow is only a part of it, and utterly unrepresentative of the rest. Well, I was talking to an Edinburgh man yesterday and I said something about the unexpected character of Scottish scenery, and Scottish life. And he pulled me up at once. "Nonsense," he said, "there is nothing inexplicable — nothing to account for which almost anybody cannot devise at once some reasonable hypothesis." And he challenged

me to give an example. I replied that I was walking across a moor in Rosshire one summer afternoon. There wasn't a soul in sight, hardly an animal, only a bird or two. It was almost twelve miles to the nearest village. Suddenly among the heather I spied a yellow glove. It was almost brand-new, did not look as if it had been worn at all. I picked it up and as I did so I heard a clicking noise inside it. I took it by the tip of one of the fingers and shook it gently — and out fell four fingernails and a thumbnail, the complete set of nails from one hand. They were perfectly clean, like sea shells. However they had come off it had quite obviously neither been through any disease nor violence. It was impossible to conceive a man drawing off his glove and his nails with it, tossing them into the heather, and walking on unaware, or, if aware, as if nothing had happened. I found it — and find it — impossible to imagine the state of mind of a man who a few miles further on discovered he had done just that. I have been haunted ever since by a sense of the horrible blunt feeling of nailless fingertips. I should have thought in such a case a man would have reported the matter to the police or discussed it with friends and that somehow or other news of such an extraordinary occurrence would have got round and out, and even into the papers. I made all sorts of inquiries and found that nothing was

known or could be discovered about the matter. I enquired of medical friends and found that no known disease could account for it and that no similar case was cited in any medical or scientific book known to them.

I HAVE NEVER SUCCEEDED in solving the mystery or getting any light on it at all. But it can certainly serve as a parable of much that has happened in what has been called “the self-suppression of the Scot” and the way he had sloughed off his literature, history, native languages, and much else in the past two and a half centuries. Another and equal mystery is the way in which he is today resuming them, just as if the nailless finger-ends were suddenly growing new nails. There is widespread agreement that a great Scottish National Reawakening is in progress. I'd know more about that if I could hit on any explanation of the preceding loss. As matters stand, I take it, in the Scots law phrase, to *avizandum*, i.e. defer for further consideration. And yet I am conscious of my inability to make up my mind to deal with the situation because there are no facts on which one *can* make up one's mind, and a pressing desire to seize on small clues, to build up something in order that one may do something — *anything* — knowing all the time that if one *did* do something it would probably be wrong because

the basic facts are missing. Whether I am right or not in fancying that this is something that could only have happened in Scotland, I think it will be agreed that it is exceedingly unlikely ever to have hap-

pened anywhere before and highly improbable that it will ever happen again. Above all, I wonder how the hell I invented it at all. Apart from just being Scotch, of course — really Scotch.

Home, Home to the Bar

The saloon is coming back because it is an organic necessity. It is essentially and peculiarly American. It was born of our hurry, our hatred of leisure, our disdain of elegancies, manners, table-cloths. In Europe the people from time immemorial have sat down to drink; they have made of it a sacrament to go with leisurely eating. But "Sacrament be damned!" said the early men of the Republic. "I want five fingers quick — and then another!" Europe sips her drinks. We sip nothing. We throw in a whiskey, a beer, a cocktail, just as we gulp down Haiti, Cuba, the Philippines, Nicaragua, a World War, all the great musicians of Europe, Proust, Trader Horn, fifty million automobiles a year, and four or five new religions.

The saloon was thus a healthy growth, a normal growth, an organic extension of our healthy gullets and bellies. "This is hell!" said a four-generation American friend of mine when he first hit Paris. "I've got to sit down to get drunk! Where's that American Bar I heard about?" An American seeing the word Bar in any quarter of the globe immediately returns to his tribe. His eye dances, his mouth waters, his spine runs up the Stars and Stripes. In going toward that sign, he is going home. He'll see Chicago Jim or Bowery Pete behind the long mahogany. He'll stand before a bottle and a glass, and with his foot on a shining rail he'll salute with loving thought the spirits of Andy Jackson, Kit Carson and General Grant — all grand American bar-flies in their day. You can no more ultimately dis sever a real American from the saloon than you can part Herbert Hoover from his decorations.

BENJAMIN DECASSERES in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, *August 1928.*

Unexploded A-Bombs and exploded incomes
have started an American

Exodus to Mexico

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

DURING THE FIRST WEEK of December 1951, a clerk named Lopez noticed the words "Atom Bomb" on a number of entry-application forms he was filing in a dingy, high-ceilinged room of the one-time Palace where Mexico's Immigration Records are kept.

Señor Lopez could not read English, but "Atom Bomb" does not need translating. Alarmed by his sensational discovery, he rushed the suspicious papers to the office of his superior and tremblingly laid them upon that official's desk. There were no less than 125 forms, and all were signed by American citizens apply-

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Nina Wilcox Putnam, who at present is living in Mexico City, has been writing stories and poetry since she was eleven. Her most recent book, The Inner Voice, was published in 1940.

ing for Tourist Cards permitting them to visit Mexico. The terrifying words appeared in the space after "Reason for going to Mexico," where these 125 U. S. citizens had written, not altogether in a jocular vein:

"In order to get away from the Atom Bomb."

The news of this incident tended to confirm a suspicion of mine born a year earlier when my curiosity had been aroused by the sudden increase of permanent North American residents in Mexico. I began digging into the reasons for it. A permanent resident myself, I was at the outset only impersonally interested and not at all prepared for the startling facts and figures which finally confronted me. The first discovery I made was that immediately after the entry of U. S. Troops into Korea on June

25, 1950, a panicky horde of approximately 60,000 American citizens gathered up their families and their money and removed both to Mexico. The procession of these runaways has by no means stopped at this writing. The count does not include some 700,000 regular tourists but only those who have come intending to stay.

The latter are in every sense, except legally, immigrants. The aroused Mexican Government, which wants tourists but has no great desire for an invasion by immigrants, has hastily thrown up formidable barriers to official permanent residence, with the result that it is difficult to distinguish the tourist-sheep from the immigrant-goats. But it is easy to see why, despite this discouragement, these people have chosen Mexico. They can come in their cars, and no passport is necessary. Their dollar will buy 8.65 Mexican pesos, and to many an innocent Mexican a paper peso still looks like a dollar bill. They remain in Mexico partly because the good roads don't go any farther south, the almost forgotten Pan-American Highway having bogged down at the Guatemala border, and for the even better reason that Mexico is very much Americanized. As the Mexicans themselves put it, "It is possible to recognize Uncle Sam under the sombrero!"

Some of the above reasons were, indeed, my own when, in October

of 1949, I decided to try life in Cuernavaca. It was sunny, cheap, and friendly. There were at the time about sixty resident Americans in town and only seven thousand year 'round U. S. citizens, including Embassy personnel, living in Mexico City. Eight months later, when I had decided to remain, the rush was on. By September 1951, there were 1000 Americans in my town and nearer 25,000 in Mexico City.

AT FIRST most local authorities raised their eyebrows at my estimated numbers of American refugees. Last week, American Embassy officials not only acknowledged they had been wrong, but volunteered the statement that hordes of Americans were besieging the Embassy offices with demands for help in *remaining in Mexico*, an unusual request with which of course they could not comply.

And after exhaustive inquiries (for gathering reliable statistics in Mexico is like trying to spoon up the wind) one fact had been established beyond question: this new colony of exiles is really here, its population composed mostly of de luxe refugees who have run away from bombs that may never explode. For these are no homeless peasants carrying a few pitiful household goods in a cart. They came in shiny Buicks and Cadillacs packing along millions of American dollars. But they are genuine refugees, none the less.

Copy-book sentiments about Patriotism, the Spirit of the Alamo and the quaint old-fashioned custom of nationals sticking together even in a lost cause, mean nothing to these new-style quitters. They will blandly admit as much, for, from their point of view, these people are merely exercising realistic common sense.

Sitting on the luxurious terrace of Quinta Rosa, the villa recently acquired by Mr. S. of St. Louis, Missouri, I asked my host if he intended remaining. He gazed out over the lovely moonlit landscape, took a puff or two on his cigar, and nodded.

"Sure, I'm going to stay," he told me. "I don't get this stuff about 'my country, right or wrong.' Personally, I think it makes better sense to keep my family alive and happy down here than to risk exposing them in a war run by a lot of politicians who couldn't even run the peace successfully!"

BUT NOT ALL runaway Americans are as rich as Mr. S. The largest class are the retirement couples, those who have small fixed incomes or pensions on which they can no longer live with decent comfort in the U. S. A. Such couples — and many lone individuals in the same class — are not of the fiber to desert their country when it is in definite distress if they can do anything by remaining. But America is not yet actually at war: these middle-class citizens have, usually, worked hard

all their lives and feel strongly that they are thereby entitled to a few years of decent living. They can not get it for their money in the U. S. A.

But in Mexico they easily find something closely resembling what was once called the American way of life. I am frank to say that it was this factor which originally persuaded me to remain here. For it was a pleasant shock to discover a place in which I could still get what I considered my money's worth. Food, clothing, and housing were, and in some places still are, back at 1914 U. S. levels. Servants, good and plentiful, get wages such as our grandmothers paid. To the average American couple in retirement, this is sheer heaven.

Still a third class of runaways is represented by those who, lured by certain uproariously inaccurate articles in American publications, brought nothing with them but a suitcase and high hopes of a better life on practically nothing a year. Poor but impetuous, these people have come to Mexico by the thousands without realizing that in order to work they must first obtain Mexican working papers, which are slightly more difficult to get than a glimpse of Joe Stalin's true mind. The result has been wholesale deportations and a lot of headaches for our consulate here.

Experience has taught me the importance of being sure of my facts before starting to write. But

the average Mexican hates facts and is moreover too polite to disagree with your inquiry if it takes a positive form. For example, I once questioned the head of a local motion picture industry about the number of films produced each year.

"You make fifteen hundred films a year?" I said.

"Yes. About fifteen hundred."

"But I think perhaps there are only three hundred actually made?"

"That is correct!" said he.

He knew perfectly well that only three hundred pictures had gone into production, but since I put my first question in the form of a statement, etiquette forbade his contradicting me. He simply would have choked on saying: "We are supposed to have made fifteen hundred pictures, but actually made only three hundred."

L UCKILY, having experienced this technique, I was on guard when I went out on the trail of the self-sentenced American exiles. The difficulty of obtaining reliable figures was further complicated by the fact that I knew all foreigners enter Mexico on Tourist Cards unless traveling on a diplomatic passport. I also knew that, although Tourist Cards are good only for six months, hundreds of Americans who came to Mexico before Korea, including my next-door neighbors, have lived in Mexico for as much as ten years, going to the border every six months and

re-entering each time on a fresh Tourist Card. So it was no joke determining what percentage of the vastly swollen "Tourist" hordes was remaining permanently. As these Tourist Cards, which cost \$3.50, are issued indiscriminately by Mexican Consulates, ticket agencies, and tourist-promotion bureaus all over the world, *not* on passports, I soon discovered that even the American Embassy in Mexico City had no reliable check on Americans who enter or leave the country.

Mexico has no established public source of the kind of statistic I wanted, so I tried the banks, the police, the Secret Service, the University of Mexico, the airlines and railways, the Hotel Association and several highly placed businessmen, the phone company and the Minister of Foreign Relations. None of them knew how many Americans were living in Mexico. There remained one source of information — the Mexican Government Tourist Bureau. And the figures which, after much shrugging of shoulders and waving of hands, I finally dug out of the Tourist Regent, and which are now used in all Mexican Bank reports, give a pretty sound basis from which to gauge present refugee numbers.

They show that, beginning in the third week in June, 1950, the quota of American Tourists jumped at the rate of 10,000 per month above the figures covering January to June —

"The Season" — of the same year, hoisting the grand total to 203,790 for the six months immediately following the Korean outbreak, as against 308,165 for the entire twelve months of 1949. This was plainly no ordinary increase in tourist travel! And the climb has been steady ever since, having reached during 1951 a record-breaking tourist-flood of over 700,000. There is a local consensus of opinion and plenty of visual evidence that, at the very least, ten per cent of these alleged visitors have remained in the country with every intention of staying.

THE EFFECT of this influx upon Mexico's economy has been extreme. Perhaps the most spectacular incident directly traceable to it has been so sudden an increase in the supply of American dollars as almost to cause a revaluation of the peso.

From July 15, 1950, or less than one month after our entry into Korea, to February 15, 1951, Mexico was deluged with 245 million American dollars, frankly classified as refugee-money in the Banco Nacional de Mexico's report. At the same time the ensuing embarrassment of dollars was further aggravated by the addition of 155.9 millions in plain old American tourist spending money. The flight-money, of course, represented the liquidation of investments and real property by U. S. citizens bent on getting their cash out of the country

before war, taxes and inflation devalued it to the vanishing point.

This influx of dollars was nothing compared to what has occurred since and is still going on, less spectacularly but in even greater volume. But the first impact of flying dollars was enough to create a minor riot, not only among local bankers but in the economy of Americans like myself, to whom the news that the peso was about to be devaluated from 8.65 to a possible 5 or even 4.50 meant the difference between good and poor living. The thing to do, obviously, was to turn in one's dollars for pesos while the turning was good. Rounding up every cent I could lay hands on by wire, I rushed up to Mexico City, hoping to be the first at my bank. A good two blocks from my bank, I saw the tail of the queue which had beaten me to the same goal. In the line were speculators, housewives, and American employees of Mexico-branch industries, with anxious faces, clutching pay-checks. There were Tourists eagerly waiting to transform American Express Traveler's Checks before they lost face value. Some people had even brought along the small change from baby's piggy bank. Looming large were a number of Mexican businessmen who had, a few months earlier, welcomed the end of the dollar shortage.

But the peso stood firm because we small fry could not permanently affect the market. However, it was

almost no time at all before the huge sums of flight-money had become investment money as the American big-shots began discovering that they could remain in Mexico indefinitely, and that if they stayed there continuously for a year they were not obliged to pay any U. S. Federal Income Tax provided their income was all from Mexican sources. The Mexican tax is, by comparison, microscopic. They also learned that there were thousands of sound investment opportunities in Mexico, many of which pay off like a Grand National winner. But it took the atom bomb to scare American money into them. Since that first big hullabaloo American investments in Mexico have been increasing to a point where the latest figures available show capital investment pouring into the country at the rate of *350 million dollars a month*. This is a joyous business for American pioneers in Mexican opportunity who could reach only deaf ears back home until the exodus.

One such pioneer is Jay Riddel (real name on demand) whom I hadn't seen around for months and had always thought of as a sad, shabby little man who talked a fine business deal. Jay has been in Mexico since 1914 and has shouted himself hoarse about the golden opportunities for fortune-making. Speaking frankly, most people thought he was nuts. So I was not entirely surprised when one day I found him

waltzing by himself in the lobby of his hotel, nor at his rushing over to kiss me. He'd been away — back to the States, he told me. But it was soon easy to see that Jay was merely a very happy man.

"I've done it," he cried, "I've turned the trick!"

And it was so. Jay had taken his long nourished schemes for the development of certain basic Mexican products back to one of the most conservative investment groups in the U. S., and had returned to Mexico City as their representative, with the power to invest millions. Jay had been crazy — like a fox!

AN IMPORTANT FACTOR in this steady and huge increase in American flight-money is not only the increasing desire of stay-at-homes to protect their capital, but the fact that as the acute edge of bomb-fear dulled with familiarity, new American recruits headed toward Mexico, likewise bringing along their money, although in smaller lots. This new group was impelled — and it might as well be faced honestly — by sheer disgust. Numerically the fresh invasion took a distinct spurt immediately after General MacArthur's recall, and the steadily increasing discovery of cess-pools in Government. It's not a happy thing to accept, but as sure as God made little apples, thousands of people finally found the once wholesome air of America difficult to

breathe without gagging. They simply walked out on a situation which, they felt, corrupt politics had made irremediable.

Feeling not a little guilty myself, because my frequent and prolonged absences from my native land had often prevented me from voting, I discussed this newest development in American back-turning with Mr. Smith of Tulsa, a sane and sound man of good standing, a wholesome 100% American when there was still an America to be 100% about without fear of contradiction, but now at sixty a permanent resident of Mexico who hopes to have his ashes scattered on the Cuernavaca golf-course.

"Go home and change things by voting?" he pooh-poohed, "after the way the individual vote has been ground to a pulp by both political machines? I'm not that big a fool!"

His eyes were sad as he said it. But it is extremely doubtful if he and thousands like him could ever be re-educated to the spirit which once made men of his age join the Minute Men.

Instead of fighting to keep free the land they had won by hardship as our forefathers did, these present-day Pilgrims find it far simpler to move their homes to another country where they are not troubled by political frustrations and shenanigans, where they can get enough to eat without making a decent meal a burnt sacrifice of other

comforts, where life has some charm and some peace in the old way we once took for granted in the U. S. A. What's more, they have come to a land of Opportunity. Which brings me to one of the most extraordinary encounters I have so far experienced among the Runaway Americans.

GEORGE HALLAWAY is twenty-four, a Harvard graduate, tall, handsome, honest, and ambitious. He has an inheritance of a quarter of a million dollars at his disposal, and a keen, well-trained mind. A middle-westerner with a fine background, he is the very picture of all we think of as best in young America. He has already given four years war service in the Pacific and would go back at the drop of a hat to fight for his country. I could scarcely believe my senses when I found he had come to Mexico to stay. I stuttered when I told him that I had been thinking of runaway Americans in terms of age, or at least of settled maturity.

"Nonsense!" he laughed at me. "There are plenty more my age! As for *why* I want to settle here instead of back in Illinois where I could seemingly have 'everything a man could want,' it is because I refuse to accept the pattern of what back there is called success! I don't *want* to be a typical, successful American businessman. I've seen too much of the endless stereotyping process which begins with one car and a

nice apartment, moves up to two cars, a nice house, and Saturday night at a nice country club, then to a mansion and six cars if I want to kill myself doing it. Success back in the States is nothing but high-altitude mediocrity. I want no part of it!"

THERE WAS A TIME when Mexico was principally a haven for Americans who had to leave home or go to jail. The small residue of these unwilling residents, many of whom have been here so long that they have become sort of Fugitive First Families, are now completely swamped by the respectable element who have come to settle and brought along their healthier standards. But the old instinct to suspect the unknown fellow-American still crops up occasionally. At my first cocktail party in Cuernavaca, the wife of the local realtor looked at me down her nose.

"Why! What are *you* doing, living in Mexico?" she demanded, not too sweetly.

"Don't you read the papers?" I retorted, "I'm supposed to have murdered my grandmother. What did *you* do back home, Mrs. Jones, that *you* are obliged to live here?"

The point is, we newcomers are not obliged to live here. We want to live here.

Naturally our not inconsiderable invasion has raised prices, caused a housing shortage, brought unrest

among the once docile servants, and created a fresh burst of antagonism toward Americans among those Mexicans who have been greatly affected by these raises and shortages. In self-protection, the Mexican Government has been forced to make genuine immigration, which carries the privileges of property ownership, gainful labor, and new enterprises, hard to get. New legislation has wound legal immigration up in red-tape, and scissors are costly. For example, in order to work at a paid job you must be able to do something no Mexican can do—and they're damn clever, these Mexicans! To buy a house you must put up a bond of 60,000 pesos; to start a new business, 400,000 pesos is required.

Yet such is the desperate urge of a half million or more North American citizens to find a spot in Mexico's sun, that some of our Not-So-Innocents Abroad are frantically breaking the rules. The penniless are working sub rosa at constant risk of fines or deportation. The well-to-do are buying houses in the names of unscrupulous Mexicans and losing both land and money. And those who can afford to are investing their money and getting rich in a miser's dreamland of eight per cent per month legal interest.

Usually this sort of thing is done in ignorance, but it is often wilfully undertaken in spite of advice from the Office of Protection which has

been magnificently developed and is patiently operated by Consul John Wilson at the American Embassy. He is always there, ready, willing and able to tell U. S. citizens what they may undertake legally. But all too often they brush his information aside because they want to take advantage of the traditional but quite incorrect supposition that in Mexico one can get away with anything. A good example is the young widow Haley who inherited a \$200,000 cash estate from her husband and came rushing to Mexico to invest it.

"I see so many opportunities here," she told Mr. Wilson eagerly. "Everything is needed, from clean gas stations to reliable jewelers. I want to put up a restaurant, back a good dress-shop . . ." she spied off a long line of desirable and most likely very profitable enterprises. When Mr. Wilson told her none of this could possibly be done legally for at least five years, she flounced out of his office in a rage. Two months later, she was back and, standing in front of his desk, stuck out her tongue at him.

"Yah!" she said without preliminaries, "you were wrong! I *can* do all the things you said I couldn't! I *can* do them *now*!"

"That's interesting," Wilson said in his quiet, well-bred way. "May I ask how?"

"You sure can!" said the lady. "I'm a Mexican citizen now. I made a deal with a young Mexican fellow I met on the beach at Acapulco and married him! What do you say to that?"

"All I can say, madam," Wilson replied, "is that you have a very rich husband!"

The bride, needless to say, had neglected to inform herself about the Mexican marriage laws. She is still worrying about how to get her money out of the hands of her stranger-husband.

HOWEVER, the majority of Run-away Americans have settled into a law-abiding, happy, respectable life. The Frontiers of North America are not all gone. But instead of lying to the West, they apparently lie to the South of us. What if these self-appointed exiles, whom some of us may regard as a good riddance, should really prove to be the vanguard of a far more general exodus? There are many signs pointing to this, and if Mexico gets overcrowded there is still a tremendous lot of room and plenty of opportunities for a good life in Central and South America. In such an eventuality it would be interesting to discover exactly how a Good Neighbor behaves when we knock on his door and ask him to please move over.

a story

A DOLLAR TIP

david goldknopf

I SEE where Musial hit two yesterday," said Tony the barber. "Handles that bat like a toot'pick."

His face was morose and unenthusiastic, however, showing none of the pleasure which the performance presumably gave him. His head was bent to his task. His shoulders were bent, too. His body shaped itself to the requirements of its calling. Scissors followed comb. Eyes pursued fingers. He worked with the finical dexterity, the minute near-sighted movements of a man accomplished at snipping small hairs from ears and noses. "I catch him on the

television now and then," he added distantly.

"Makes it look easy," Driscoll agreed.

"Like a toot'pick," the barber insisted. He tucked his comb in his pocket and tilted the chair back.

Driscoll stretched and sighed, awaiting the weekly pleasure of a professional shave. He loosened his tie a little more, craned his neck and sighed again. Water splashed musically behind him. The affairs of the week flowed past him and vanished into the limbo of unessential memories . . . servo motors . . . mu factor . . . pulse modulation . . . conference with Fastman about taking Schroeder into project . . . lunch with Fastman and Schroeder . . . pretty good story about the Eskimo at the circus . . . wait-

David Goldknopf, a New York free-lance writer, is the author of a novel, Hills On The Highway, and has published short stories and articles in various magazines, including Harper's and This Week.

ress came around at punch line . . . oh well, she's probably heard that word before . . . good looking waitress . . .

His eyes flickered as the barber touched the towel to his cheek.

"Too hot?" the barber asked.

"No."

As a matter of fact, it was not quite hot enough. For a moment he was inclined to let it go. He disliked bother, and people who made it. At the same time, carelessness, in and out of the laboratory, nettled him, and in this case he was annoyed by the dissipation of a simple but eagerly anticipated pleasure. As the towel cooled, his annoyance increased.

"I believe the towel could be just a little hotter, Tony," he finally said.

"Hotter?" the barber inquired anxiously. "Why sure!" He uncoiled the towel. "I don't want to burn you. You know how it is, better too cold than too hot."

"Just right is best of all," Driscoll corrected mildly.

"Why sure! If something is out of the way, you tell me. That's what I'm for, to give service. That's right, isn't it?"

"You bet, Tony."

"You been coming here a long time."

"That's right, Tony."

"You don't have to be bashful with me. You know, I like to give satisfaction. Everybody makes a

mistake. When I make a mistake you tell me, right?"

"Right."

Steam wreathed from the towel as he held it to Driscoll's cheek.

"How's that?"

"That's fine. That's just right."

"Not too hot, not too cold."

"No, Tony. Just right." Again Driscoll sighed, this time with untammelled contentment. Underneath the coil of hot towelling he breathed slowly, deeply . . . In a few seconds he was napping.

Elsewhere clippers buzzed, machines made lather, lights glinted from marble, glass and chrome. Before the wall-length mirrors lay the brilliant, hygienic panorama of the modern barber shop; beyond them lay endless corridors inhabited by endlessly reiterated images — reflections of reflections, illusions of illusions, separated from the sustaining reality by transparent and illusory walls. And in the most distant reaches of a glass gallery Tony the barber stropped a razor, and hunching over Driscoll's supine form applied it almost stealthily to his face.

THE REAL BOB DRISCOLL, fleshed and unreflected, was thirty-four years old, tall, well-proportioned and unpretentiously handsome. For the past three years he had been a project director with an alert and growing firm which built specialized electronic instruments for transportation companies. He was well

regarded by his employers and associates and could look forward to progressive advancement. But the present — and he lived largely in the present — was attractive too. His home was attractive, his income was attractive, and Marcia, his wife, was more than attractive. She was beautiful — even women were agreed on that.

All these facts were familiar to the friends of the Driscolls, who were quite numerous, to their maid, Pauline, to the tradespeople who came to their house on Huntington Terrace, to Tony the barber, to many others. But a stranger, entering the barber shop, would have seen only a tall recumbent figure whose face was being shaved and whose nails were being trimmed while his body lay motionless beneath a sheet, toes pointed upward like a dead man's.

DRISCOLL WAKENED as the barber wiped lather from his ears.

"Massage?" Tony suggested.

"Please."

Tony gave a good massage. Driscoll became aware of the underlying structure of his face, its muscles and tendons. He felt it as something more than a mere setting for his features. It was a sensitive and subtly expressive organ in its own right. He experienced his face. He enjoyed it. He was glad he had one. His skin was cool and clean. It danced. The last traces of the week's

fatigue were drawn up from all the parts of his body, into his face, into the cheeks, the temples, and so away through the strong, skillful fingers of the barber. He blinked his eyes and worked his mouth as a pianist works his fingers, enjoying the suppleness of his muscles. Wasn't it the Romans, he mused, who were much given to this sort of self-indulgence? A sensible people, unfairly maligned, great law-makers and engineers who had kept things humming in their part of the world for almost a thousand years. After they pooped out, it had taken almost another thousand to pick up the pieces. Peace, justice, tolerance, political efficiency and even a certain amount of social security — all Roman contributions. The trouble was, they had tangled with the early Christians which had given them a bad press ever since. But even there they had a point. Fanatics caused nothing but grief, and the martyrs were a particularly bothersome lot. He could easily imagine one of those able Roman administrators hearing the reports of the latest disturbances as he got his expert shave and massage. He could see him frown and shake his head dubiously. Something would have to be done about those fanatics. Religious tolerance was all well and good — nobody cared who or how you worshipped — but the law had to be obeyed. Agitators had to be taken in hand.

Somehow you had to sympathize

with a man like that. There was the kind of man you could talk to, reason with — a member of a sensible, sanitary, efficient race who believed in live and let live and built first-rate aqueducts to bring sweet water to its cities . . .

"How's that?" Tony asked. "Feels good, eh?"

"Wonderful, Tony. Wonderful." He was a little disappointed, however, wanting the massage to go on. The chair tilted forward. Once again he was facing the mirror. He looked good — clean, alert, boyish. The clear, supple skin had taken up the slack, erased five years. Only the thin streaks of grey over the temples said, "Over thirty." He looked good. He felt swell. Yes, real swell.

For that reason, perhaps, he was all the more startled by the barber's drawn and pallid face. It bobbed just above his head, eyes narrowed, corners of the mouth pulled down in an embittered curve, the scar which ran from the left eyebrow to the cheekbone a livid blaze on the swarthy skin. He had often wondered about that scar. It was the sort of thing one wondered about — but didn't ask about. And Tony had never told him. Mostly they talked about sports. Or they did not talk at all. Driscoll knew very little about Tony. In fact he did not even know Tony's second name.

Nevertheless, he could not help noticing that the barber was un-

usually depressed. His face did not look healthy. The fatigue which his skillful fingers had drawn from Driscoll's face and from the many other faces he had massaged that day seemed to have been concentrated in his own. And yet fatigue alone would never have left such marks. They seemed rather the stigmata of a fresh, unhealing grief. Driscoll felt a twinge of remorse. It was barely possible that he was responsible, at least in some measure, for the barber's visible unhappiness. Perhaps his little joke had gone too far. At any rate, it had gone too long and it was time to wind it up.

His little joke — how had it started? He barely recalled. For months he had tipped the barber fifty cents. And then one day, for no reason that he could remember, a piquant curiosity teased him as he put his hand into his pocket for change. What if he were to give Tony a smaller tip? And even as he considered the academic possibility with amusement, he placed three coins — a quarter, a dime, and a nickel — into Tony's suavely presented palm.

THE NEXT WEEK Tony was a trifle cool. Courteous, competent — but cool. There was no talk about baseball (it was the beginning of the training season), and there was just a hint of asperity in the snipping of the shears, not to mention brusqueness in the extension of the palm.

Into that palm Driscoll had placed an unusually generous tip.

The next week Tony was more affable and solicitous than ever. He lavished all his artistry upon the massage. He snipped invisible hairs. He employed the brush and comb, Driscoll mused, as if he were preparing an entry for a dog show. But the tip was small.

AND SO IT WENT. Sometimes the tip soared to eighty cents. Sometimes it dropped to thirty-five. And meanwhile the barber tried doggedly to fathom the secret of these wild aberrations, to correlate the size of the tip with the services he performed, to correct his errors, to make amends, to *please*. Last week the towel had been a trifle too hot. This week he had veered nervously in the opposite direction. And every week he questioned Driscoll guardedly. Was he satisfied with the service? Was anything out of line? In brief, he applied reason to a situation to which reason did not apply — a joke. That's what made a joke funny, that's why it couldn't be explained. That's why the only way to beat a joke is to laugh at it; if you try to figure it out, it laughs at you. Driscoll smiled. (He saw his face in the mirror, and it was smiling. He saw the barber's tense and haggard face too, and he was a little contrite. Nevertheless his face could not help smiling.) What creatures of habit we are! After all, the barber's tips had

averaged the same during this, you might call it, experiment. And the difference of a few cents, either way, in any one week, surely had very little effect on his domestic economy. You might have expected the barber to enter into the spirit of the thing, to give his curiosity free play and ultimately to solve the riddle, co-operate in it and by acting contrary to Driscoll's anticipations bend it back upon him — a turn of affairs which he would certainly have received with good grace. But, no — a pattern had been altered, a pebble had been dislodged, and rolling downhill rumbled like an earthquake.

The bondage of habit . . . Driscoll mused. Not that he was free of it. Far from it! But lately it had become far more constraining. He felt a need to unsettle things. Not radically. Not like the fanatic. But to make minor rearrangements in the world around him. To alter or enliven the tempo of his life in a mild, experimental way. Dictating a report a few days ago, for example, he had had an almost uncontrollable urge to interpose, in a calm, completely natural tone, an obscene word. How would Miss Raffenburg, his secretary, have reacted, he still wondered. Would she have blushed, cried, "Oh!", dropped her pencil, burst into tears? Or would she have distrusted her ears, believed that her own imagination, housing unspeakable dreams, had actually converted

an innocent combination of sounds into an indecent one? It would certainly have been interesting to find out. He might still try it. Of course he really wouldn't! But it was amusing to think about it. Again the face in the mirror smiled.

THE BARBER LOOKED AT HIM in the mirror with a quizzical and apologetic expression, as if he had absent-mindedly missed the point of a joke.

"Just thinking of something," Driscoll explained.

The barber nodded. He combed and brushed Driscoll's hair with sweeping elegance and whipped the sheet from him. Driscoll fixed his tie, held out his arm for the coat, tipped the boy, tipped the manicurist, and took the bill from the barber.

"What's the matter, Tony?" he asked. "You look sad."

"What?" Tony said abstractedly.

"Sad. You look sad."

The barber gestured indefinitely and turned away. "Lost my girl," he said.

"Lost your girl?" Driscoll chaffed him. "Well," he drawled, "there are plenty more. Lose one today, find a better one tomorrow." He buttoned his topcoat. "Girls are a dime a dozen, Tony," he grinned. "Dime a dozen."

"My girl, I lost my girl," Tony the barber explained softly but with extreme precision. "My little girl.

Emily. Six years old. Died last Monday. Rheumatic Fever."

Driscoll saw a face in the mirror — his own. Shocked, wincing, the mouth open, the eyes aghast . . .

"Tony, I—I didn't know," he stammered. "I'm—I'm awfully sorry . . . sorry to hear of your bereavement. It's a terrible thing . . . terrible . . ." His lips continued to mumble inane condolences, but at the same time his hand had reached for his wallet, and almost without his knowledge it was placing a dollar bill in the barber's palm.

The fingers curled, crumpling the bill. The livid scar blazed across the swarthy skin like a flash of lightning across a raging sky. The blazing eyes met Driscoll's, narrowed. Sentence was pronounced.

Like the old Romans, Bob Driscoll was no coward. His back was straight, his head was high, as he advanced between the mirrors, and the rank of his reflections kept flawless step with him. Flawlessly they passed in review before the empty barber chair and wheeled and paid their bills — only to be cut down as they stepped toward the door.

He alone survived, still tall, erect, handsome, and superbly groomed, but blinking rather foolishly in the strong afternoon glare, while across the street the store windows glinted at him like levelled spears or rifle barrels.

SARATOGA

Gets the Rap

Norman Ritchie

WAY BACK LAST SPRING a lively foxhunt was started in Saratoga County, New York. It was a chase after the big, bad red fox of Gambling and Corruption. As this is being written, in early 1952, it is still agallop and no one can say for sure whether the big, red fox will finally evade the baying hounds.

It was Senator Estes Kefauver who blew the first sonorous bugle. In New York City, at hearings of the U. S. Crime Investigating Committee, the Chairman waggled a well-manicured finger of reproof at the historic resort city of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where gambling on a fantastic scale has been going on for

nearly a century. Then, with a loud tantivy, it was yoicks and away! Governor Dewey joined the chase with a ringing blast. This took the form of a directive calling for a special grand jury. It was to be promptly convened for the purpose of exposing the presumptive tie-up between organized gambling and racketeers, and also any links between professional gamblers and "any public officer or political figure" in Saratoga Springs or Saratoga County.

Apparently, the Kefauver testimony had put the Governor on the spot. In 1947, the Superintendent of the State Police had ordered his men to make a survey of seven Saratoga gambling casinos in the height of the racing season. Their report was, it seems, extremely revealing. But the superintendent had merely filed it away under the head of "Classified."

"Except for thirty years on the newspaper circuit," writes Norman Ritchie, "I have been a lifelong Saratogian." His career has been further embellished by a stint as owner-editor of a rural paper.

For that he was castigated. Why hadn't he sent it on to the Governor? Why, the Committee was told, for decades there had been in force an "undeviating State Police policy" of keeping hands off in areas that have regular police protection. He was duly exonerated by the Governor.

This "hands off" policy, the Committee learned, was "grass roots" stuff in Saratoga County. When the sheriff, the Saratoga Springs police chief, and his principal detective were questioned, each denied specific knowledge of local gambling. As the sheriff shyly explained, it was to their own best interests not to be nosy. The chief, whom Senator Ke-fauver called "incredible," had been in the Saratoga Hospital suffering from heart trouble. Now the Committee's grilling had further damaged that vital organ. He presently resigned, as did the detective, on grounds of ill health.

In the glare of the publicity the Ancient and Dishonorable Shut-Eye Club of Saratoga was breaking up like ice in a hot noon sun. It had been, on the whole, a pitiful performance. The club members might have offered far more potent alibis: Saratoga's tradition of tolerance and even encouragement of unbridled wagering had held the status of law for almost a hundred years. The officials might well have pleaded that they were merely helpless victims in the powerful grip of a scandalous

but recognized system of brazen illegality which had long dominated the entire community.

Community guilt, indeed, was flatly charged in an editorial titled "We're All Indictable" printed in *The Saratogian*, the County's only daily newspaper, before the Dewey grand jury convened. It tacitly acknowledged that gambling had been going on in this bailiwick "from time immemorial" and that this was the fault of the area's voters. If they'd wanted to stop it, they could have elected square shootin' officials. But, in years past, any candidate who declared himself opposed to an "open town" didn't have a Chinaman's chance. A spectacular instance was cited. A candidate for Commissioner of Public Safety, with jurisdiction over the Police Department, was a ten-to-one bet to win the day before election. Then he up and declared himself for a "closed season." He lost the race by about a furlong.

THAT PHRASE "from time immemorial" is a trifle misleading. The origin of Saratoga's mad, hectic gambling career is fixed and dated. It is tradition loaded with picturesque legend, and festooned with moral contradictions and glittering paradoxes. The birth date of lawless gambling in Saratoga, in fact, is marked by the arrival there in 1861, of one John Morrissey.

This picaresque character, who had recently retired as the champion

heavyweight pugilist of the world, had no peers in the gambling profession. He had been a pal of the notorious Mayor Fernando Wood during New York City's most corrupt administration. He controlled more than a dozen gaudy metropolitan gambling joints, patronized by lusty Wall Street tycoons, war profiteers, industrial barons, criminals and sporting figures. Most of these went to Saratoga in summer to drink the invigorating spring waters. Crafty John figured he was losing money by not giving them a chance to continue their pursuit of Lady Luck. So he opened a side street casino and earned himself a niche in history as the granddaddy of Saratoga gambling.

IN NEW YORK, Morrissey had learned the quickest way to speedy success was friendship with the right people. A chummy friendship grew up between Morrissey and James M. Marvin, pioneer Saratoga banker and "political figure." They were to serve together in the Washington House of Representatives, to which Morrissey was elected from a New York district. The friendship was marked by much jocose banter, and a propensity for betting on just about anything. One day a mutual challenge was issued that neither could recite the Lord's Prayer. A picayune bet of ten dollars was agreed on. After quibbling as to which should first attempt this feat,

Marvin started, "Now I lay me down to sleep —." "Enough," Morrissey conceded. "You win."

Morrissey was likewise the father of thoroughbred horse racing in Saratoga. The race track which he built in 1864 with the support of such leading sportsmen and clubmen as Leonard Jerome (later grandfather of Winston Churchill), John R. Hunter and William R. Travers, has been operating, with one or two short lapses, ever since.

A few short years later he erected, in Saratoga, at a cost of a mere \$190,000, a gorgeous, glittering Hall of Chance. And for seventeen years he dominated this exciting and elegant domain — shrewdly and successfully, though sometimes blantly. Thus, Morrissey wove the pattern for Saratoga's enduring tradition of controlled gambling operations. He crossed Saratoga's palm, for one thing, with the almighty dollar. One example of his largesse was the donation of the entire proceeds of a Saturday's racing to help build a schoolhouse for the village. Churches, charities, and civic enterprises benefited through his adroit and generous style of lubricating the local machinery. That tradition still prevails, too. The Saratoga Racing Association annually contributes liberal sums to the Saratoga Hospital and other local institutions.

By 1951, evidently, a Hercules was needed to clean out Saratoga's Augean stables. But still when, late

in April, John M. Minton, the special prosecutor assigned by the Governor, arrived with mop and pail in Ballston Spa, the county seat, he was scarcely given an enthusiastic welcome. He was even greeted with some frosty stares. He had a hard time finding suitable quarters. Regular overloaded court calendars crowded him out. He had to lease a musty mansion where European nobility had been entertained a hundred years before. It was filled with gorgeous relics and the antique harpies had to have their Roman holiday before Minton could set up shop. He was breathing a difficult political atmosphere. Unlike the Kessler Mansion's frail antiques, Saratoga County's ancient Republican machine, though somewhat dented, seems to be unbreakable. The titular head of this closed corporation is James A. Leary, Saratoga attorney, who happens to enjoy a wide acquaintance with the State's Republican poobahs.

THE FIRST BARRIER that loomed for Minton in this rough terrain was the problem of seating an unbiased jury. Every talesman had to be examined sharply as to acquaintanceship with a list of 234 city and county officials and "political figures," as to his leanings toward the dominant political organization, as well as his prejudices against gambling. Out of the available grand jury list of 300 names he had so

questioned 152 talesmen before a jury was seated. A month had passed. The prosecutors were puzzled. In a county of 74,000 population, with 12,000 persons eligible for jury duty, why was there a list, numbering only a meager 1894 citizens? The commissioner of jurors, not long in office, was prodded. Frantically, he sent word to 2,000 presumable eligibles to show cause why they shouldn't serve. Along in October hordes of buzzing residents swarmed into Saratoga's city hall.

With the seating of the jury, subpoenas filled the air like a covey of migrating ducks. On Saratoga's Broadway the daily greeting was: "Hello, neighbor, been subpoenaed yet?" Accountants, bookkeepers, bank officials, small fry miscreants, anyone who might have a shred of evidence, flocked to the grand jury.

With the arrival of September ten true bills had been laid before the court. They involved twenty-six persons, fourteen of whom had been arrested. No Costellos or other blue chip racketeers had been named. All the better known night clubs were involved. In the net were owners, operators, lessees, croupiers, and other attachés. All charges in the indictments called for misdemeanor penalties, a year in jail, and \$500 fine on each count. At the end of the month only nine suspects were missing, defying a police teletype alarm sent abroad over thirteen states.

Newman's was the first to get into

the glare of the klieg lights. That was when the State Liquor Authority dealt itself a hand in this frenetic poker game. Some Saratogians went into a tizzy about that, as Newman's has been about the only lakehouse to be kept open the year 'round. Banquets have been held there by such respectable organizations as the High School Alumni Association and the Chamber of Commerce. But the SLA had cocked a jaundiced eye at Newman's as well as the other lakehouses. Its liquor license would expire on September 30. Newman's manager explained that round-the-year operations had nothing to do with gambling, which in the August season took place in a separate building. Then Donald G. McLaren, Executive Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce, went to bat for Newman's. Operation of the place, he said, was "of the utmost importance to Saratoga Springs, its economy and the Chamber."

Monty Woolley, Hollywood and radio star, likewise exhaled a declamatory tut-tut. Saratoga is his chosen home. "The Beard" lives there when not obliged to tarry in the cinema center. He is sometimes termed Saratoga's honorary mayor. And Saratoga got a lot of free publicity three years ago by celebrating Monty Woolley Day, done with nostalgic flavor, horse and buggy parade, a costumed Memory Lane barbershop quartet, and similar trappings. You see The Magnificent Montague cher-

ishes tender memories of the sumptuous Grand Union Hotel of half a century ago, when it was colorfully managed by his father and Victor Herbert's orchestra played in sprightly style on the spacious court veranda. So Saratogians were not surprised when Monty dispatched a lengthy telegram to the SLA, earnestly requesting it to take "whatever possible action to keep Newman's Lakehouse alive and functioning." He described it as "an important landmark and source of pride and satisfaction" and added that "its loss to the community would be a calamity."

The stony-hearted SLA was unmoved by Monty's tender eloquence. Newman's liquor license was not renewed. But Newman's stayed open nevertheless and, oddly enough, in early December the annual banquet of the Saratoga County Hotel and Liquor Dealers Association took place there. Shortly after that the manager was phoned and asked if he'd got a liquor license yet. He replied in the negative but said that he expected it shortly.

NEWMAN's and the other Saratoga Lake roadhouses have had a unique history. The first appeared early in the nineteenth century and were humble wooden shacks. But they lured notable Saratoga visitors with their toothsome fish and game dinners. One of them was Mynheer Barhydt's, deep in the woods on a pond teeming with trout and bass.

He condescended to cook whatever fish anyone caught. At other places on the Lake halfbreeds did the cooking, but millionaires waited their turn with commoners. Epicures would have enjoyed a fish and game dinner at Moon's, where Saratoga chips were invented. And at Riley's, in early days, you could lure a bass out of a pool to be served with Jim Riley's special version of creamed potatoes. These and others gained reputations that lasted well into the present century.

Within the last twenty-five or thirty years their golden luster has worn down to a jazzy, tinny glitter. The cabaret influence crept in. Name bands played for dancing. Topflight vaudevillians strutted their stuff. Night club tintinnabulation accompanied the good dining. Evening dress was encouraged. "Front men" were so attired. And, if you so desired, they'd show you to the room for roulette, craps and similar diversions. The patrons had become the fish. The game was the thing.

By 1949 these institutions were scarcely such as to bring a glow of pride to the bosom of civic-minded residents, however tolerant. And Senator Kefauver had allowed that certain of the nation's eminent racketeers had had a finger in the pie.

Be that as it may, the first to don the gloves with Prosecutor Minton was a local political heavyweight. There was considerable ducking, dodging, and backpedaling in this

bout. Dr. Arthur J. Leonard, 72, has practiced medicine in Saratoga for half a century. For years he has held the elective office of commissioner of public safety, hence control of the police force. Called to appear before the grand jury, he sent three Saratoga physicians to advise that he was suffering from a serious heart ailment. This didn't sit well with Minton, and the presiding justice sent for two "disinterested" New York specialists to examine the good doctor. On the basis of their reports, the Justice decided a visit to Ballston Spa would do Leonard no harm.

IN THE CITY's nonpartisan August primary Leonard was renominated for the job, held almost without interlude, for nearly thirty years. One break, in 1926, was when his good friend and political bedfellow, Governor Al Smith, was forced to make a fuss about the gambling racket. Dr. Leonard resigned but was soon re-elected. Now again he resigned just before his grand jury appearance. Mr. Minton had hoped he would waive immunity and perhaps "tell all," turn state's evidence. The doctor ducked that one in a brief three minutes before the court. When asked what took place, he blandly replied: "Why, they gave me a paper to sign that said anything I said could be used against me. I told them I guess I didn't want to sign anything like that and they said I could go."

History obligingly repeated. He was re-elected in November after a newspaper advertising campaign calling for a vote of confidence. But, surprisingly, the majority for Leonard was only 197 in a total vote of 4997. Two years previously, against the same adversary, his majority was a whopping 1598. *Was* it a vote of confidence? To smart guessers it seemed more like a protest vote, a fair test of local reaction to the Kefauver exposures. Could it be that Saratoga had given its unholy tradition a kick in its tattered pants?

A few hoary Saratoga ancients dug back into almost forgotten memories to the time when the Saratoga tradition was at its bloated best — or worst. They recalled that more than a half-century ago, the father of Caleb W. Mitchell, who was Leonard's rival candidate, got into a hassle with the masterminds of protection which ended in tragedy. That was the era of Richard A. Canfield, the greatest gambling impresario of them all. Reams have been written about that rambunctious epoch, about how Canfield took over the old Morrissey clubhouse and spent a million dollars making it resplendent; how every notable from everywhere dined and gambled at Canfield's; how the plungers bet enough in a season to finance the Holland Tunnel and the Empire State Building; about Betcha Million Gates once playing faro at \$10,000 a card and how Can-

field always kept a million dollars cash reserve in his safe.

In 1892 top-hatted Caleb W. Mitchell was elected president of the (then) village. The master minds resented the fact that he'd built his casino five years previously spang in the mid-section of Broadway — a gross breach of etiquette. It took a legislative act to knock him out of his political office. When at last Mitchell was legally unhorsed, his Broadway place was not again permitted to open, except for the bar on the street floor. For several years he was balked at every turn in his attempts to get back in the betting game. Finally, in 1902, suffering from a persecution complex and armed with a loaded revolver, he sought one of the masterminds he held responsible for his frustration. Failing to locate him, he used the gun on himself.

BUT MR. MINTON'S CONCERN WAS not so much the Saratoga tradition as what it had led to. In the early Fall, as master of foxhounds, he felt that the chase was going quite merrily. However, another pack of hounds had been as merrily digging up the dry bones of old laws. These legal beagles now came up with demands that the indictments be dismissed in toto. Before Justice Hagerty one lawyer, representing ten defendants, contended that the wrong section of the law had been invoked. It was that relating to

bookmaking, while his clients had been indicted for other forms of gambling, he claimed. Pish-tush and a couple of pooh-poohs was the prosecutor's answer to that; gambling was gambling in whatever form. The justice later denied the pleas to dismiss the indictments.

However, a plea in another court might well, it seemed, lead to sly Reynard's eventual escape. Defendants' attorney, representing seventeen of them, is Daniel H. Prior of Albany. He has been described as "the legal ace who torpedoed Governor Dewey's bid to smash the O'Connell Democratic machine" in Albany County several years ago. When the matter was argued at a court term in Kingston, New York, Prior maintained that the special grand jury had been secretly rigged, "packed" with adherents of a splinter party hostile to the regular Republican organization. He was answered by Wyllys S. Newcomb, assistant to Special Prosecutor Minton. There was nothing secret or illegal about the impaneling of the jury, he contended. It had been done in the presence of county officials and newsmen. The jurors had been selected with meticulous care, despite difficulties previously noted here. Proclaiming that "gambling has been wide open in Saratoga from 1946 through 1949," Newcomb asserted that six or eight of the big casinos ran without even guards at the doors. When that happens, he

said, "you have corruption and graft." His estimate of the cost of opening such a place was \$50,000 and he declared that "they do not open unless they know the fix is on."

Justice Harry Schirick gave both sides two weeks in which to present written briefs, and reserved decision. Should he decide that the grand jury was improperly impaneled, it appears, it could pack up and go home. The show would be over. Otherwise it looked as though it might go on indefinitely. When Prosecutor Minton resigned at the turn of the year, Governor Dewey promptly replaced him with another practiced prober, Paul W. Williams, a former Assistant U. S. Attorney. Minton's withdrawal was not unexpected, nor was it due to any failure to perform his duties satisfactorily. He had specified at the start that he would not remain on this job indefinitely. Moreover the first \$100,000 appropriated for this investigation had been used up. But the new prosecutor said the Governor had assured him of all the money needed for the grand smash.

Progress toward that end was made early in December, when the first felony indictments were returned, five of them involving ten persons. Nine of these were identified. Three of them, one formerly pocket billiards champion of New York State, are charged with gambling and bookmaking in a Saratoga newsroom. Another, charged with

extortion, is held in \$25,000 bail, indicating five counts. Bail is fixed at \$5,000 for each felony count. Five were linked in one indictment. Whether the tenth man might be a topflight offender is anybody's guess.

And please don't think that the internal revenue bureau is solely concerned with the follies and frailties of its top brass. No, its adding machines have been madly clattering. Result: a tax lien with walloping effect has been clamped on the gilt-edged Piping Rock Club. It tots up to the staggering amount of \$961,889.11. It covers the years from 1946 to 1949. This huge egg was laid in the Saratoga County clerk's office by Walter R. Sturm, Albany collector of internal revenue, against the Flat Rock Holding Corporation, said to have owned the Piping Rock premises since 1931. It might seem that the profits of organized gambling "ain't peanuts."

WHAT NOW IS THE IMPACT of all these shenanigans on Saratoga and Saratogans?

Another brief foray into the dim past may help to gauge the outcome of the current spiritual uplift. There were stricken consciences about fifty years ago, when strong public sentiment was generated against crassly open gambling in Saratoga. Up to that time the clergy had maintained a discreet silence. But in April, 1902, the Reverend Tileston W. Chambers of the First Baptist Church

(founded in 1793) did break bounds with a forthright sermon on protected gambling. He decried the hypocritical attitude of Saratogans and called upon all good Christians to arise and smite the evil. And the next year State Senator Edgar T. Brackett, a political warhorse who kept a tight grip on local affairs, was minded to say: "I want it understood from nowhenceforth that I am opposed to poolroom gambling and that I believe this town would be very much better off if there was not a gambling house open from one limit of the corporation to the other."

Well, Canfield did a fadeout in 1908. Three years later the village bought up his casino and its surrounding grounds to add to lovely Congress Park. And for the last twenty-five years most of the people of this church-going community haven't been too benevolently disposed toward protected gambling and its corruptive influences. It may well be that *The Saratogan* editorial has jolted them out of their baroque laissez faire psychology and into recognition of their free American birthright, the power of the vote.

By now they may well have concluded that they have too long chewed their moral food with the false teeth of a rotten tradition. With their "hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience," perhaps they are seeking the sawdust trail while cheering on the foxhunters.

Teaching *Manners*



to the IRISH

PETER KAVANAGH

MORE THAN A YEAR AGO I gave readers of THE MERCURY the inside story on Ireland. I pointed out then that there was in Ireland a secret and subversive society backed by government money whose purpose was to convert the Irish people to good manners, respectability, and formality of dress. I was at once attacked by officials of the Irish government as vulgar, vile, beastly, and obscene. It was said that I had done more damage to Irish prestige in America than

twenty Irish ambassadors could do unintentionally. Events since then have clearly demonstrated that my information was utterly correct; last December official Ireland accepted a quarter of a million dollars from the estate of the late Mrs. G. B. Shaw to teach manners to the Irish people.

Mrs. Shaw unwittingly played into the hands of the enemies of Ireland. She had left the money ostensibly to teach manners to the Irish, but her real intention was obviously to give a stern if oblique rebuke to official Ireland for ignoring her husband and regarding him as an Irish renegade, an atheist, and a British spy. Little did she realize that her bequest would be accepted!

Had she been a reader of THE MERCURY she would not have made such a blunder. But even the best of us make mistakes. Even I made a

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misjudgment; I watched my mailbox for more than a week expecting to receive a notice that I was to get a wad of the money so that I could learn to conduct myself in a manner more in keeping with the dignity of official Ireland. Instead of money, I received the job of keeping my eye open for a good American instructor in the art of social graces. Even this offer came from a group of die-hard nationalists and not directly from the Irish government.

READERS will, no doubt, be interested in the plans being formulated to use Mrs. Shaw's money to the best effect but before I explain what is happening in official circles I feel that it is necessary to inform my readers on the attitude of the Irish towards manners.

By tradition the Irish people disregard good manners in favor of politeness, and all along have followed their own code which was that they should never offend anyone unintentionally. From as far back as the twelfth century, manners in Ireland were regarded as something entirely English. Occasionally a few Irishmen had manners, but they were rightly regarded as British agents. The true Irishman rejected English manners with as much violence as he rejected English laws. He even went out of his way to pronounce his words in a manner which could not be re-

garded as English. He pronounced "beat" as "bate" and "Australia" as "Austreelia" just to show that his mispronunciation did not originate in a defective larynx which prevented him from enunciating the "ee" sound. In the matter of wearing apparel his protests were equally violent. And once I saw a close neighbor roll in the grass to take the crease out of a new pair of trousers. He was not going to give anyone the chance of accusing him of respectability.

But those days are dead and gone — or so it seems.

For a short time after Ireland got a degree of independence in 1922 members of the Irish government protested vigorously against English manners. To be seen wearing formal evening clothes was to expose oneself to the danger of being shot as a British spy. Members of the Irish government wore rough tweeds and hobnailed boots. Mr. Frank Aiken would never attend a diplomatic reception without having a clay pipe in his mouth and cow dung on his breeches. Mr. De Valera went a step farther; he rejected Irish tweeds for a long black coat of Irish frieze. It made him look like Dracula, but that mattered nothing as long as England — and everything English — was being rebuffed.

One further point should be noted here in fairness to Mr. De Valera. Frieze is not only a very

ancient variety of native material, but it has also the property of being bullet-proof. The wool is cured in urine for over a year, then it is woven into a cloth and the bale of material left for three weeks to ferment in a dung-hill. It is then taken out, dried in the chimney, and is ready for the tailor. It has the consistency of leather, is bullet-proof, rain-proof, and, from an English point of view, burglar-proof. There was thus the matter of personal security to be taken into consideration when Mr. De Valera chose a coat of frieze.

Irish government officials have now changed their attitude, which is to say, they have at last changed their clothes. For more than a year cabinet ministers have attended official functions dressed in waiters' suits. Even Mr. De Valera has discarded his bullet-proof coat and has given as an excuse that the rain is inclined in recent years to bring out the smell of the original tanning properties. Furthermore, he has said in explanation of his new monkey-suit that he has seen even Russians at international gatherings wearing such outfits. This is indeed a specious argument. For one thing, a frieze coat, whether it be new or old, always gives off a urine stench in wet weather as anyone who ever visited a Dublin theater knows. Secondly, Ireland is not a member of the U. N., and Mr. De Valera's information comes only at second

hand. The truth is, Ireland is being sold out by her politicians.

ENGLAND HAS BEEN vainly trying to teach manners to the Irish for more than seven hundred years, and Queen Elizabeth established Trinity College for this purpose. Now apparently Ireland is going to capitulate. This is not going to happen without a protest from at least one Irishman. Just as England bought out the old Irish Parliament in 1800, so at the present day she is buying Irish submission with money — Mrs. Shaw's money. Perfidious Albion, even in her present weakened condition, has not lost the art of greasing palms.

Manners in England have always been set by the Royal Family; what the queen or the princess did was regarded as the top of fashion. The courtiers would imitate the Royal Family, and the ordinary people would imitate the courtiers. This has been the English tradition. It suited England, but it is open to question if such a system would suit Ireland. As everyone who reads the newspapers knows, the present Royal Family of England has taken a strong liking for bebop and "swing." Its younger members and their noble friends have enjoyed more than just one party with Frank Sinatra, Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, and similar celebrities. When Benny Goodman and his orchestra visit England, they are invited to give a

command performance. Cocktails have replaced tea as a royal beverage, and the high-powered car has replaced the coach and four. Since Ireland has made its momentous decision, it must automatically follow the social pattern set by the English Royal Family. It would seem that the Kerry Dance, the Irish reel, and the Irish song are to be replaced by the samba, the jitterbug, and the wail of the crooner. The very contemplation of such a radical change is frightening, but, alas, it would seem that Ireland's betrayal and final degradation is at hand. Plans to teach English manners to the Irish are still in the tentative stage and even at the risk of incurring official displeasure I must drag some of the plans into the open in the hope that there may be an eleventh hour repentance.

One suggestion is that Mrs. Shaw's quarter of a million dollars be used to establish a night club in Dublin on the site of the Abbey Theatre, which has recently burned down. It is further suggested that a number of minor branches of this club be established in all the principal Irish towns. This poses an interesting problem whether to employ Irish colleens for the floor shows, or whether to import them from England. A number of government ministers are strongly in favor of using Irish girls, pointing out that they know from personal experience that Irish colleens have better fig-

ures than English girls. Those opposed to this view state that the Irish colleens are needed for the Irish music halls, a function which the present Abbey Theatre company is not adequately fulfilling, popular opinion to the contrary. Another suggestion that the whole matter of night clubs be handed over to Irish-American Ambassador O'Dwyer, who would be empowered to develop the idea according to his own lights.

One ultra-nationalist group within the country, while admitting that manners may be a very desirable thing for Ireland, suggests instead that Ireland adopt the manners of America — of the country that gave haven to our patriotic exiles. To this end he suggested that Ireland send a deputation to Washington immediately to get a loan so that American smellevision programs might be relayed to Ireland by a series of ships spanning the Atlantic. This group believes that in this way Irish people could be brought into direct contact with the best in America — with Walter Winchell, Louella Parsons, Franchot Tone, and others. This plan had distinct possibilities but was turned down.

American business people, indeed, have not been asleep since the ominous announcement was made that Ireland was going to learn manners. One sharp businessman who, because he had offered me a five per cent cut, thought he was

assured the job, has now two tons of chewing gum lying on the Dublin docks awaiting the go-ahead signal. The editor of a well-known fashion magazine flew to Ireland with fifty back numbers of the magazine: her plan was to have the magazine bought by the Irish government and distributed free to the Irish peasants. One look at the frail type of women pictured in the advertisements was enough to convince the Irish government that this was no solution to the problem. "How could a woman like that," one official asked, "carry a child, let alone a bag of praties?"

The United Irish Counties Picket Association of America thought that the money could best be spent by giving it to their organization to teach themselves the best method of picketing foreign dignitaries who come to America. They suggested that Mike Quill offered to give them the full dope if handed the money. There was the usual crank letter from a gadget manufacturer who wanted to sell a special automatic device for disinfecting and cleaning the Blarney Stone after each person kissed it. A Yale Ph.D. in social dancing thought that he might be appointed to head a "Manners" Department at an Irish university. He also offered to introduce basketball and cheer-leading.

"After all," he wrote in his application, "only very recently the head of the Irish radio was noted only for his handball playing." It was an unlucky comparison for various reasons, and so the Yale man was turned down.

SO FAR THE IRISH GOVERNMENT has come to no decision. True, their ambassadors have been recalled, together with their wives, so that they may be instructed in how they are to behave abroad in future. It is understood that all the wives of consular officials must, as a minimum requirement, be able to do the samba at all diplomatic receptions. They must also be able to perform the deep curtsy. One of the wives was shocked when this latter form of good manners was shown to her. "Sure if I bended down like that", she said in astonishment, "people might think I was going to do something undacent."

As I have said, no one definite plan has yet been accepted, and at the moment it would seem that Mrs. Shaw's money is going to be used exclusively by government ministers to teach themselves manners first. But whatever is done eventually, March 1952 will go down in history as Ireland's darkest hour.

The Remarkable



Mr.
AFFANDI

Alexander Marshack

THIS SMALL, gentle, shy, and thin-shouldered man of forty-one, looking a school teacher for the low grades in a small town, a tired teacher without a job for many years (which he is), and with his odd beard, as scraggly and futile as any that has ever been grown, and with eyes gentle and mellow, having

The first exhibit of Indonesia's new art, including the work of Affandi and seven other painters, opens this month at the Heller Gallery in New York City. Mr. Marshack brought the paintings with him on his return to the United States from an extensive tour in the Far East.

neither ego nor pride, is the most passionate, pure painter alive today.

I met him a dark, cool, mid-morning at two A.M., at a remote whistle-stop railroad station in the flat, poverty-stricken rice lands of West Bengal, India. I had flown half around the world to see him; had first looked for him in his home in Java, Indonesia, and then gone on to look for him in India.

He talked softly, laughing shyly, in a careful, school-learned English, in a plain voice as colorless and quiet and self-effacing, as though he were that same small-town school teacher suddenly in a conversation with

Einstein. He came in his one shirt, his one pair of pants, and riding his bicycle. And we rode back through the dark India flatlands at night, he on his bicycle, and I in a trishaw, holding a simple interview, except at times when he fell a little behind and we both laughed. What he said, balancing the interview and the bicycle in the dark, did not seem very important. You could feel his slow search for words and for things to say. And at home he had hired a special lamp so there would be light for me, but he didn't know how to operate it and the place boiled in a grey smoke, and all one could see was the floor with large two-inch ants and roaches hurrying across.

And as he laughed and talked a fly sat an endless three minutes on his large protruding teeth, unworried by the talk, or the laughter, and then flew away at its leisure. Affandi is perhaps the ugliest searcher for beauty in the world.

And he paints — known only to a handful of persons — endless self portraits of himself, caustic, bitter, furiously ugly, as powerful and passionate in the art as he is gentle in life. And for this he laughs, a little ashamedly: "I'm the cheapest model I have. I can't afford any others." In poor Asia, he is probably as poor as any human can be.

Yet Affandi is one of the creators of the newest, most amazing painting renaissance in the world today, in a country few people of the world

know anything about, Indonesia, in a renaissance the outside world has not yet heard of. He has never seen an exhibit of European paintings, or learned at an academy, yet his work is as "modern" as anything out of the ateliers of Paris.

This renaissance in Indonesia is ten to twelve years old, just about the length of time Affandi has been painting. But it has become mature and ripe only in the last years, 1950-51, for the very simple reason that only in the last year or so have the painters really been able to get paints. Or for that matter canvas or brushes. And this, while it sounds like paradox, makes one of the most exciting stories in the history of art.

LET US FIRST TALK of Affandi. Not only the paintings, but his manner of painting is classic among his colleagues. He has already become in Asia one of the legends of his time. He paints furiously, desperately, as though he himself were the painting, the brushes, and the canvas. Literally. For he does not use brushes, or a palette. "If I use a palette, I must mix my colors," and he makes a motion as though that were a thing that was done at a side, in a world away, "and that means I lose my feeling, the first feeling."

He paints with the tube, squeezing quickly, expertly, passionately, directly on the canvas, quickly using a thumb, or a hand, to smear it. He works in such thorough self-absorp-

tion, so ecstatically, purely, he will not hear if you speak or shout to him. For the time of his painting he is in a full drenching sweat, soaked like a boxer from the sheer nervous physical effort.

When he has finished a painting he is drained, exhausted to the root of his nerves. "I cannot look at the picture. Or speak. I have to lie down and go to sleep." It is only after hours that he will awake, cool and quiet and peaceful again.

"When I awake," he says, "I am no longer a painter." He shakes his head and smiles: "Then for the first time I can criticize my painting. And I will see many mistakes. But then since I am not a painter I cannot touch the canvas. And so I learn for the next picture."

BECAUSE OF the hard fury of this painting effort, he will do a large canvas in two hours. He has never worked more than that on any painting, and usually he finishes in an hour. Yet he paints, as he says, "slowly," with difficulty, and does not turn out as many canvases as one might think.

"Before I paint a picture I look at the subject, sometimes, for ten days. I study it and sit quietly. Come back, see it again. Look just for hours to know it."

And the pictures he makes show the fury, the passion reminding one at times of the mature, late and maddening Van Gogh. The same

"brush" strokes, the same incandescent, violent suns, the tortured trees, fields. The pictures ache with the pain of the quiet little man.

Out of this pain he has created a revolution and a new school of art for Java and for Asia. More even than Van Gogh or the French Moderns his pictures break from tradition, and from old concepts of painting. Breaking first from that careful, detailed, and flat painting of old Asia, and second, from our own Western, long-held concepts of form and design.

If we may take the broad history of painting to be one of learning how and *what* to paint, always changing style and subject, sometimes painting pictures of real things, and sometimes symbolic things, sometimes the attitudes of men, the acts of men, the fables and stories of men, sometimes the romance of nature, or as in some of the moderns, surprise at the meaning that lines, or color, or forms have in their relationships, why then Affandi has added something new.

He has moved Van Gogh's passion forward. He paints how *he*, Affandi, feels inside, how the turbulent and generally painful Asia he sees looks inside of him. Whether he does a self portrait, a rice field, the portrait of another man, the market place, a train, a beggar, the little man is always creating the legend of the pain of one man, Affandi.

And so in his pictures do not ex-

pect to see the Asia of the story book or travel guide or war report, or the Asia of the ancient art and the Temples. This shy little man is forging a new style of art for Asia, without representational word or story. Like music, these pictures are almost pure emotion.

"They ask me," he said, "why do I paint the world so ugly? They ask, why do I paint it so cruel? But I am not cruel. I am happy. When I paint a picture I am very happy. But the world is cruel to me. And I hate cruelty, I hate ugliness. No, it is hard to express it . . . do you understand me? Good. No I do not try to paint beauty, aesthetic beauty, I paint humanity . . ." He laughed, softly, a little shyly, and said, using his hand to pick up an imaginary book, "I do not know how to talk about art. When I pick up a book that has so many words in it, I am embarrassed. I have no books in the house. I do not care for books about Art." He shut the book, "I don't care about Art. When I make a painting I say to myself only, I have passed my time very well today. Then I am happy."

Don't let this simplicity of words betray you. There is more to Affandi and his work than he says, more too than he knows. Let us see a bit more of his unusual story.

In the years 1939-41 a group of young boys on the island of Java in the Archipelego of Indonesia began to paint and draw, Affandi

among them. They had no paints, no canvases, and no brushes. They had no tradition, no knowledge of hundreds of years of Western oil painting. This sounds a bit like a paradox, but history gives a simple answer.

FOR THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY years the Netherlands colonial policy over the East Indies, or Indonesia, was both commercial and paternalistic. The old Hindu-Moslem culture of the islands was "kept" intact. Western culture, museums, concerts, libraries, were, of course, reserved in the key cities for the European. Then like a brush fire around these cities began the anti-colonial nationalist movement, not in arms and fighting, but in the establishment of thousands of underground, illegal, and repressed schools. The fight against the Dutch, simply, to begin with, was the fight to grow, and to learn to read and write, and also, among a handful of youngsters, to learn to draw and paint.

The young Affandi was at this time earning his living at such odd jobs as schoolteacher, ticket collector at a movie house, and house painter. While house painting, which was painting doors, store fronts, walls, bridges, he had one day the varied remnants of some colors left at the bottom of some cans. What simpler, or more natural, than to waste a few minutes, as he did, and scrape up the colors and "do" a landscape. He hung it as an "oil" at an exhibit of

"young Indonesian painters," and it won first prize. That is, to be more exact, it was sold. Which was the same thing. For this was the standard they created for excellence. It was the only way, as Affandi tells it, that these youngsters, without critics or tradition or teachers, were able to judge a picture. The first sold won first prize, the second sold, naturally, won second prize, and so on.

AND SO HE BECAME A PAINTER. Without oils, without canvas, without schooling. The "young boy" Affandi, however, was twenty-eight years old, and married. "Too old," he says, "really, to become a painter."

"I told my wife — you are still a young woman and a painter is nothing and nobody and has no money. You can leave me and still have a normal life. If you stay with me I can offer you nothing, except that perhaps you will see the world and go with me and see many people."

And he was right, for at this time with the growing political, nationalist, anti-Dutch movement, the rebel political leaders began to take pride in their own new young culture. Affandi and his friends moved at the level of the political struggle, talking to the leaders, and becoming, like it or not, part of the fight.

In 1942, just after he had learned to paint, the Japanese invaded the Pacific and took the islands of Indonesia. And through the years of famine and terror and opposition

Affandi painted and drew his painful self portraits, the poverty, the beggars — without oils, and with house paints, or with some tubes of cheap and dull student oils, on wood, on paper, on cloth, on burlap sacking. When the war ended and the old Netherlands government came back with its armies and tried to reestablish colonial sovereignty there were, from 1946 to 1950, bitter years of warfare and killing. And still Affandi and his friends kept painting and learning. These were the ten years of schooling, and the years of the renaissance, literally without materials, without tradition, without critics, without a buying public. All it had was talent and the fever of the anti-colonial, nationalist pride.

Yet even before 1942 an odd thing had begun to happen. His hand, as Affandi puts it, "grew too clever." He learned to draw so quickly and well that, contrary to the normal and traditional concept, he became discouraged. It was easy, and too easy, and his hand was too clever. Within a year he could do pictures of an astounding profound and careful realism. In 1941, "to show them [friends and artists] that I could do it, I painted a picture of my mother. Realistic. It was good, I suppose, and they liked it. But I didn't. And I never painted realistic again." It was so good in fact that this small picture, only about 14 inches high, became one of the classics of the renaissance and around it was formed,

with the aid of both the country's new artists and the Ministry of Education, Indonesia's National Museum. It was the first, and is still the only picture of the National Museum, and travels around the country in exhibits as the prime work of realism in the Indonesian renaissance. Affandi, however, had gone on to look for something else.

AND SO through the hard years of occupation and war he painted his rough, fast, furious pictures of pain, and the life he saw. The pictures, like those of the whole renaissance of this period, seem brown, grey, dull, and yellowish green, for there were no good oils, and time has worked against them.

And then in 1949, finally, the new Republic of Indonesia achieved its sovereignty. And as almost the first act of its official life, after establishing a constitution, it sent Affandi abroad to India to study. The government of India supplied the scholarship and the government of Indonesia the transport to and from. The school was Rabindranath Tagore's School of Art in West Bengal.

But the little man, now in his late thirties, had grown beyond any schools or teachers. His growth had been a passionate, lonely, self-seeking, so what he got in India was not schooling but something as valuable. For the first time he had pure, rich, bright colors, good oils. For the first time he could see the color print

illustrations of all the artists of Europe and Asia.

And what he said, quietly, in India at the end of his two years was significant. What, I asked him, do you think of European painting?

I like it, he said. But then he grew over-serious and biting, and it was as though he were talking to himself, of something he had gone through. "Da Vinci, and Rembrandt, and Michelangelo," he said, "are too clever. It is a kind of superhumanity. And that is too easy. I don't like Gods among the artists."

And I saw what he meant as he showed me his paintings in the smoking light on an early Indian morning. Canvas after canvas of a rough, swift emotion, startling colors, turbulence of stroke, and nothing at all clever. Nowhere that careful organization, that plan, that design, that intellectual recognition of human attitudes copied or illustrated, that awareness of color use and style. It was like tearing off scenes of a brutal nightmare and laying them one by one on the cold earth floor. The trishaw driver squatted behind me at a side and said nothing and looked. He did not smile or show that he understood or liked them. It was clear that he did not. But then he stood up and came to the smoking lamp and cleared the wick, wiped the glass, pumped it, lit it over, and brought up a fine clear brilliant light, then he went back, squatted, and looked again.

Which do you like? I asked Affandi.

Oh, I can't tell. I can't judge my own pictures.

I chose three which in the yellow light seemed rich in color and simple, thinking that back home the others might startle. And Affandi and the trishaw driver, taking my jacket for bulk, wrapped around it the three oils and tied it up in a rough cord. And with this roll under arm at three in the morning Affandi and I rode back to Calcutta in a crowded, sleepy, snoring, and slow second-class India train.

WEEKS LATER in Paris I hung his paintings in my room and was surprised how Affandi held up against all I saw in the Louvre, the Museum of Modern Art, the galleries. For the art of Paris above all else is clever, as all art being a thing of thought and technique, must be.

There seemed at first a great similarity between Affandi and these French moderns, who had broken traditions of color and paint, and even the easy recognition of things. Affandi too broke his forms, and in one canvas I had, and his best, that of a bare rice field, there was not a single line or form recognizable in the picture. And it was only after the picture had adjusted and the high sound of its emotion had quieted that the eye began to piece together the strokes as a field.

There was a very great similarity

between them, yet Paris was far more clever. Cezanne and Degas, Monet and Van Gogh, Picasso and Braque were playing and toying in the use of technique, as though each had found the prime meaning in some style or trick of trade. And the emotion of each was, in great part, a patriotism of style. And then too in Paris there was great beauty. Each painter of the moderns, in his own way, was painting the beauty of nature, of color, of design, of women. This was an attitude, a sentimentality, it seemed belonging to art.

Yet Affandi had no beauty. The colors were bright, the tones were good, the pictures were startling. Yet there was in them no attitude of love or appreciation. The pictures moved one, but the way pain does.

And it was odd, of course, that Affandi too was "clever." Not in that way he abhorred. But he had developed a style, and a style is a use of paint and color, stroke and movement, which repeats itself, which simplifies itself and clarifies itself through years and use. So that now he too was clever, exceedingly.

And the proof was that in Java, Indonesia, others were seeking to paint like him. Using that free breakage of forms and stroke to form a new school of painting. There was one school in Jokja, Java, that was already boasting, "We come from Affandi." And the best of the followers, Hendra, had taken that clever style and developed it into a

way of making biting social documentary comments on poverty and war, rather than the more purified personal statements of Affandi.

AND SO IT WOULD SEEM as though we have come full story. Yet the story does not end.

When I visited Affandi in India he was a bit sad and worried in the belief that he had been abandoned. His two years scholarship was ending that week and he had received no replies from endless letters to the President of Indonesia, Soekarno, and to the Ministry of Education. Politics had moved on and had become complex and burdensome, and he was only a painter of pain.

He had less than two dollars in his pocket, a wife, a child, and over one hundred paintings of these last two years which no one but myself had seen. And that was all. The promise of his government for return back home seemed forgotten.

"What will you do?" I asked.

He shook his head, quietly, and undisturbed. "Well, then we shall go to Paris."

How and with what?

Well, he was an artist and had worked out a harder thing in life. He didn't know, but it wouldn't be too hard.

And why? Why Paris?

"I want to look at myself. To place myself. How would you say it — orientation. That is first. And then I would like to set up a school

in Java. How does one teach art? I want to go and find out. You see I hate the academies."

Yet Affandi was not forgotten in Indonesia. He was one of the heroes of the revolution, as much as the politicians. Villagers who had never seen a painting knew of "their" painter, who had learned by himself, who had lived the life of a guerrilla, who was a saint of simplicity and withdrawal, and a friend of the foremost political leaders Soekarno and Shahrir. The politicians all spoke of him still as one of the monuments of their struggle. The government wrote of him proudly in their mass education pamphlets. The writers in all their talk envied him his talent and quick growth; they were still groping in a mountain of moral and social and artistic problems. The leading new poet had written his best poem to Affandi. The new painters all referred to him as one of the godheads, the man who had broken new ground, helped to make "oil painting" a profession and an honor. And much as he hated "academies," one had already been started in Jokja in his tradition and style.

When Affandi comes back from India and Paris and the world, Java will have become, it now seems, the most advanced, diversified, and original of all the nations in Asia in the new art of oil painting. There are many painters and many styles in the new Republic of Indonesia, but Affandi is the one and common saint.

EMILIE GLEN



Our REV.

A STORY

THE NEW REV. looks like somethin' outa Exodus in his coat of dirty fleece, hair bushin' up black whilst it's oily enough to be anointed, them eyes of his burnin' with Hell or Holy Fire. Hernandez-Coronadas by name, and powerful particular about partin' it in the middle.

Coronadas was down in Mexico studyin' to be a Priest when he seen our light. How we come to call him to our United Church here in Mango has to do with what we was prepared to pay. After Seth Hawes, our *Rev.* for better'n forty year, passed into the Heavenly Kingdom that his preachin' always made cozy as a rockin' chair, we had eighteen months of supply pastors, none find-

in' our little upstate town temptin' at a yearly \$2,000.

The Superintendent of our State Conference informs us we can get Coronadas for only \$1,500 while warnin' us he's no bargain at any price. "Either he makes good in his next pulpit," says the Super, "or we'll give him back to the Catholics."

In our church, we do the hirin' and firin', ain't nobody tells us what to do, not even our Super. As President of the Pulpit Committee, I got Coronadas for \$1,300 bein' he has a bad accent and not much future. Even at that figger he give us such a sample of his preachin' that we ain't got over it yet, his words kind of, well, elegant, like a carpet layin'.

Day we tried to make the Coronadas' feel to home in the parsonage, him and the Missus and the five kids, it was like movin' in the Indian Reservation. Injun rugs, baskets,

Emilie Glen has appeared previously in THE MERCURY. Two of her stories are listed by Martha Foley among the Best American Short Stories of the year 1951.

pottery; heathen figgers in clay. Canvases, stacks of 'em, high as boards in my lumber yard, canvases we was supposed to baby along like seedlings at his heel-clickin' commands as we hoisted.

The stiff-spined little coot communicates with his squaw by thumb jerks. Come, she comes; tote, she totes; hind, she's hind. Her braid-wound head, snappin' back like branches after a gun blast, jumps the kids into line. Whilst the men might like the knack, it's goin' to rile up our women.

Chances are, we wouldn't warm to nobody after losin' Seth Hawes. He was a right *Rev.*, one to lend a hand, whether sawin' away at a big spruce with my men, fightin' fires other than Hell, or pitchin' hay.

Now we don't expect no fellow as book-read as Coronadas to sweat with us, but when you give him a load of lumber to fix his floorin' and replace termite-et beams, you don't expect him to leave it out to rot. Guess if I'd'a plumped some adobe down, he'd of gotten to work.

Take Jed, he comes down with his tractor to plow the *Rev.*'s patch only to be thumb-jerked off the place, Coronadas allowin' he's no Martha busy 'bout many things. . . .

AIN'T MAKIN' NO MENTION of what I see Wednesday, save to this here scratch pad. I was deliverin' a load of lumber down at the Indian Reservation, Miss Spriggs and Mrs.

Phelps ridin' with me, charity bent, when we see why the *Rev.*'s been neglectin' us of late. Him and the Missus wasn't visitin' out of no charity, but they was enjoyin' themselves with all the injun blood in 'em, the Missus weavin' rugs, and the *Rev.* makin' flat-faced clay idols.

That ain't all. I come on him behind the woodshed later, with some injun girl, his hand where it hadn't oughta be. Bein' a good Christian I won't say nothin' about this, and besides, I got more'n one woodshed of my own . . .

The rugs the Missus wove at such times showed up in the Sanctuary — vultures, bird gods, and all — Coronadas tellin' us that moth and dust doth corrupt our Church carpets more'n what's fittin'. Well, what was done on the new rugs wasn't fittin' neither. "Dancing our praises at the altar is a glory of worship most pleasing to the Almighty," says Coronadas, "or He wouldn't set the leaves and the grasses and the waves to dancing nor plan a rhythm of tides and seasons and stars."

His Missus, dressed in what looks to be a nightgown, gets up before the altar with her arm-dancin', braids snakin' down her back. After all, when you bargain for a minister, the wife's part of the package; you expect her to help out in Sunday school, at church suppers and the like, not go off on no dancin' toot.

The followin' Sunday, she has our soprano throwin' her weight around,

and the junior choir millin' about, holdin' up bowls of plenty in what the town librarian says is one of them fertilizer dances.

When the juniors start worshipin' with their flanks, Mrs. Innes grabs her daughter out of that there group right in the midst of the service. Other mothers motion their kids down; somebody pulls the organ plug, and that puts a stop to dancin' in the Sanctuary for good and all.

Coronadas' preachin' has us on the fence. Mebbe it's good; mebbe it ain't. Might's well be listenin' to a Latin mass at times for all we could make out, more like music than Gospel. Fact is, he's preachin' past us to them big city churches what never hear. And we was willin' to take him on, accent and all. Coronadas is a two-headed preacher anyhow, one lifted to heaven, the other on our necks, like his sermon at Mrs. Innes: "Are you a battle-axe?" Us men went for it till that toy poodle what scarce sprung his hair above the pulpit knocked off each and every one in squirming turn, called me a dirty capitalist for not lettin' my men make fools of theirself joinin' no union when I pay 'em proper.

Leastways, them sermons was words; others was his paintin's held up — burls, knotholes, and shavin's the blame things looked like to me. "Inner essence of the Kingdom," says Coronadas, "an advanced look at the picture Bible I've been workin' on seventeen years."

With the Rev.'s art buttin' in every place, we can't so much as call the church windas our'n. He knocks out the blue panes, and starts makin' stained glass ones which sounds well and good till he has the Holy Family lookin' Mexican.

OUR REV. we likes to be one of us, or leastways carin' what comes of us. Preachin's a job to him with no time and a half for overtime like when our late-widowed Mrs. Fakens knocked on his door at an hour when decent folks is through supper. Coronadas comes flappin' out like a bat, screamin': "Can't we even enjoy our meals? Must you swim through our digestive juices like an amoeba?"

Any town that can get Methodists and Presbyterians to unite should digest Coronadas, but believe me, we're sore tried like Job. Jeff Guernsey says, "It's B.C.-D.C. with us — before Coronadas, during Coronadas, and if he ain't careful, it'll soon be A.C." Every fool hobby comes ahead of us. He's always off to the city for books and artists' supplies, lectures and concerts and theaters, peddlin' his picture Bible among the publishers, most like tryin' for a city pulpit what the Super says ain't for him. Moses got his big moment on a mountain top, but Coronadas has to find his on city streets. Mango is in the sticks all right, but he has to say so sad, "out in the *little* sticks," them wild eyes of his lookin' for a chariot of fire down our street.

When he does stay in Mango, he's either in a mess of paint and clay, or he has the house full of injuns, fills our pews with 'em, as if they didn't have no church of their own, or he's makin' up to the town characters, the hermit squattin' on Stebbins old place, Silvernail, the mural painter, one of them returned city smears what never goes to church. Which brings me to the R.C. business.

"Comparison shoppin'," Mrs. Bowman calls it when he goes t'other end of town to chew the fat with Father Degan.

Anyway, after what Coronadas says the R.C.'s done to Mexico, here he is tryin' to put in some of their methods, stinkin' up the place with incense when we like the smell of the open fields just outside, the pine grove, and the good old church timbers. He shows up in a Roman collar, and sets the choir to chantin'; suggests a fund-raisin' lottery when most of our folks think gamblin' sinful as drink. He won't sign no pledge card against smokin' and drinkin' on account of he'd rather get high on Father Degan's wine, and go chantin' through the streets after ten o'clock at night, every blessed word Latin. And he keeps a wine cellar in the potato bin for the visitin' monks and priests what keep turnin' the parsonage into one of them retreats.

It's gettin' so we need a mine detector afore every step, like the confessional he puts over on us at a

Wednesday evening get-together what turns out to be truth or consequences only it has to be Truth. Soul searchin' the Rev. calls it when it's just a means of gettin' us into a room-size confession box. Them meetin's was popular, all right, before we begun to get the drift. The fun of talkin' about ourself plus gettin' an ear what others is up to crowded in folks like it was the County Fair, cars parked tight as a log jam.

Motion was made and seconded by us members of the Board that Jed Yates speak to Coronadas concernin' what the Reformation was all about. "We're Protestant," he says to Coronadas, givin' the word its protest sound. "If you ain't protested all the way, you better go back where you come from."

CORONADAS BRUPTS like that volcano what appeared in the Mexican cornfield. "I reassert my right to protest, protest, protest," he says. "I take this privilege so seriously that I claim the right to protest against the protestants, themselves, if need be. *Viewpoint liberal* is what I set down on my ministerial record. Then let me *be liberal*." He goes on spoutin' all the things that made the pulpit committee shine to him in the first place. "You people build characters" — *character*, he must of meant — "you confess ecumenicity. Let me be ecumenical. If you but knew it, I'm a walking ad

for you. Never let me live to regret that I am your convert."

That's just it — he's always makin' Mango feel it's got to show him . . .

AIN'T NO LIMIT to that fellow's gall. This time he hits us in our pocketbooks, which is really hittin' below the belt. The slicker is into us to the amount of \$2,200 by borrowin' fifty here, a hundred there, four hundred from yours truly, makin' each of us think we was the only one he ever come to. He tells us it's a small loan against the check he'll be gettin' from his publishers for that there Picture Bible. Come to find he ain't got no publisher, and Silvernail says ain't like to have. That \$2,200 ain't countin' the \$490 grocery bill he run up on Trenkle, and the thousands of dollars worth of furniture he bought on the installment plan.

Why the fellow lives better'n what we do. A houseman, if you please, somebody up from the city workin' mostly for board and learnin'. Ain't nobody around here'd be a houseman in a white coat; sounds a mite too Episcopal anyhow. Coronadas sends him down to Trenkle for groceries too fancy for Mango; demands they be special ordered; smells up the town with heathen cookin'. And in that pigsty he has stuff what Silvernail says would start any art dealer dickerin'.

Upshot is, them bills brings the State Head down on us when all we ask is, *Leave us be*. Ain't nobody

tells us what to do, not even the Super, except we're into the State Conference for a loan to repair the steeple and wantin' hundreds more for runnin' water. When that fool, Coronadas, has to go and treat the Conference like some sort of daddy to foot his bills. Whereupon the Super says we better get rid of Coronadas on account of the Conference won't be responsible for a one of his debts. "And I can promise you I'll never recommend him for another pastorate in this or any other Association," the Super declares.

"Why, I calls that downright unchristian," says Jed Yates.

Christian — unchristian. Them words is buzzin' my mind like a saw. Unchristian to bounce him? Fat lot Coronadas ever taught us about bein' Christian, shovin' us around like he did, preachin' up in the clouds or down his nose.

With the Board meetin' Friday I'm wrastlin' with myself which ways to vote. Maybe I'm somethin' of a camel stuck in the needle's eye like the *Rev.* says, but I ain't unchristian enough to black-list a fellow right out of his livelihood.

A day or so before the meetin', me and Pete Bainbridge, the school principal, got to talkin' about bein' Christian. "Here's a man who comes to us in his spiritual need," says Bainbridge, "looking to us to show *him* the way. We'll never accomplish that by ousting him."

Well and good for thinkin' folk

like ourselves, but what about all them others he cut down? Thing is, we each secret felt the other deserved what he got. "A true minister holds up a mirror as well as a torch," says Bainbridge, as we go around tryin' to stir up Christian feelin' towards the *Rev.* amongst them he called boobs and battle-axes.

With the Super rowin' around, and us talkin' in corners, the little family see what's comin'. They'd be hittin' the road again, leavin' most everything behind for their creditors savin' his paintin's. Them he offered up in payment for his personal debts. Some let him keep the paintin's like they was lettin' a beggar keep his pencils. A few of us what'd gone deeper into Christian thinkin' took 'em so he'd think he was some shakes with the paint brush.

His kids go wanderin' about like they give up all hope of ever havin' a place of their own where they can eat regular, not that we wouldn't be glad to get rid of the five of 'em. The way Coronadas keeps 'em down, they sneak their mischief whilst open fellas like my Steve gets the blame. Mebbe the tribe might buck up with a feel of belongin' some place. "We been warmin' our seats 'stead of our hearts," Mrs. Todd come out with in spite of his sendin' back the pie she cooked at a church supper like he was at a restaurant.

When the Super sees he ain't gettin' no place he hops up the line, leavin' us to decide one way or

t'other. Board's meetin' up at Derwenter's place, one of our boys what went citified without quite takin' the country out of him. Meantime I'm doin' some last minute collarin' . . .

WHAT WENT ON at that board meetin' is somethin' for the scratch pad. We sit around Derwenter's fire, drinkin' hot cider and soundin' off. "Let's show *that* heathen we're better Christians than what he is," I tell 'em, "and take him for better or worsen."

Fred Wicks spits his tobacco juice short of the logs like he always does when he's goin' to vote contrary.

Trenkle, what's cash-and-carry from here on, knows where to aim at Wicks. "You ain't never goin' to see the color of your money if you bounce him, but if he's under our eye when he sells a paintin' or gets his pitcher Bible published, we can collect what's comin' to us. He must have some art in him to be that screw-jawed."

"If we start kickin' folks out of Mango for bein' different," says Miss Spriggs, perchin' her librarian pencil above a pad as if she was renewin' Coronadas like a book, "why we'd have to get rid of most the town."

"Besides," says Jenkins, what knows all about sports from his dairy breedin', "Mango might be kind of dead without the *Rev.*"

"But he ain't no Christian," says Fred Wicks, spittin' short again,

tobacco juice sizzlin' bitter on the stone. "Fact is, we're the ones what has to be Christian to get along with him."

"Well, if he's makin' us better Christians, he's doin' what we called him for," says Jenkins.

"But without knowin' he's doin' it," says Wicks. "That ain't right."

Trenkle's grin wrinkles him up like one of Wick's prize squashes. "Then we're bein' Christian for him, and should be the ones collectin' his salary."

"What Mr. Trenkle means to convey," says Miss Spriggs, "is that it's up to us to be shepherds to our one black sheep."

"Ain't so good ourself we can go kickin' out the *Rev.*," says Jenkins. "Ain't never fixed his furnace, ain't repaired his roof, ain't rid the church attic of no bats, nor its beams of hornets, and there's some even wished one of them hornets would sting him on the mouth like it done with the supply *Rev.*"

"Where will they go? Who will call them?" Miss Spriggs opens out her arms like one of them *Give* posters.

"The man came to us," said Pete Bainbridge, "to our United Church, and we're elected to show him the way. Christianity is on the spot right now throughout the world. How did a handful of ragged Christians in a pagan land turn it Christian in the first place? They lived such shining lives that everyone wanted to know

their secret — follow The Way."

Derwenter reached down a Bible from the mantle, huntin' for a passage, then read: "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

Them words never sounded so shined up as what they done right when we was livin' 'em.

BEFORE WE tinker with a fellow's life," says Jenkins, "we better do a little prayin'."

We bow our heads, and Pete Bainbridge prays, "Father, show us the Christian way towards our Reverend. Let us never cause him to regret that he has sought Thee through our church. Help us to accept this stranger, and make him friend. May he feel secure in our love."

Somethin' comes over us in our prayin', somethin' like the feelin' of the Disciples at some first meetin' place after the Master had gone on, like we was Christians alone for the first time, layin' down first rules, livin' Christ, His love. Anyway, we was new-born in our faith.

And we went out into the Congregation, and spread the word, and by the time the Super got back from whatever trouble shootin' he done up the line, we was lettin' Coronadas know he come to the right place. We voted him a new furnace; wiped out his debts; I even proposed raisin' him to 1,500. Coronadas is in, he's ours — our *Rev.*

Finding his country's artistic outlook

icebound by tradition

Professor MacLuhan

suggests a remedy

DEFROSTING

CANADIAN CULTURE

MARSHALL MacLUHAN

IN THE LAND of ice and caution fourteen million people are stretched out thinly along a 5000-mile frontier. There is no possibility of defense in depth against the aggression of American pin-up girls. Canadians are the only people on earth who read more alien than national cultural matter. Such is the gist of the somber reflections to be found in the recent report of the Royal Commission on Canadian culture.

Apart from the fact that Royal Commissions are a principal product

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of Canadian culture, it happens that in Canada there is a sharp official cleavage between education and culture. Canadian education is a provincial or state concern, but culture is a federal matter. One might say it is a federal offense; only it is an "offense" committed by Ottawa. Thus the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, much like its British counterpart, is a federal body which controls all privately-owned radio stations. And a great proportion of our radio programs are inspired by conceptions of cultural uplift, or the highbrow's burden, for which Ottawa foots the bill. One major benefit of this situation, incidentally, has been the high standard of Canadian radio drama. Bureaucratically-controlled radio can never accept the attitude so natural to commercial companies, that pro-

grams should cater to the average taste.

Behind this foreground item of federal control there stretches a long tradition of bureaucratic government in Canada, which dates from the seventeenth century when the officers of the centralizing Louis XIV attempted a utopian social experiment in Quebec. When the English took over the French province in the late eighteenth century, they found it expedient to leave intact the highly centralized form of administration they found there. The result was that the old French autocracy began to influence even the government of the new English communities. And this influence has developed steadily since that time.

Canada, not without reason the land of the Royal Mounties, has long been accustomed to government by orders in council, with the result that by American standards we are a people who readily accept authority. Moreover, the non-republican and non-doctrinaire aspect of Canadian political life has never encouraged the immigrant to sever his links with the older lands from which he comes. So that the Canadian, whether Ukrainian, French, or Scottish, feels little pressure to disavow the older way of life which lies behind him. Moreover, the influence of Scotch and English components in Canadian culture has not diminished our tendency to be a father-centered society.

The habit of accepting government by order in council has also the effect of baffling Canadians when they hear of the floods of mail and telegrams which reach American congressmen and senators. By comparison there is in Canada only a vague uncrystallized public opinion on political questions. But this is also the result of having a small population widely dispersed over an enormous territory. And this last fact in turn helps to explain the relative necessity of centralized bureaucracy in Canada. Without strong central aid the country would long ago have fallen apart.

Such national unity as Canada possesses is the result of an East-West railway which was rushed into being by the government to prevent American infiltration of the Western territories. The enormously expensive and unprofitable railway system thus constructed was more of a political gesture than an economic speculation. It naturally led to the negotiation of trade agreements with England to foster East-West movements of goods to pay for the railways. But the natural economic movement of goods on this continent tends to be North-South rather than East-West, with the result that the Canadian economy is an artificial one, and subject to severe internal strains. As a visiting Frenchman once pointed out, the Canadian is like a poor man sharing an apartment with a rich man. He lives con-

tinually beyond his means in a state of perpetual anxiety and expediency. Just as naturally he develops a power of acute observation and the ability to comment shrewdly on the ebullient comings and goings of his rich friend to the south of him.

BUT THE STRAINS and cleavages in the land of rye and caution are not all economic. The French-English division in Canada has coincided with the natural geographic weakness of official East-West unity. And the natural North-South alignment is seen in the fact that there are nearly as many French who have moved to New England as there are left in Quebec itself. Moreover, there has been a steady flow of Canadians from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to the States in the past century, so that, for several reasons, those provinces have long regarded Boston as their cultural capital. The predominantly Scottish complexion of the Canadian Eastern Seaboard (The Maritimes) has developed a culture which clashes openly with "English" Ontario. So, naturally, the Maritimer or "Blue-Nose," in his Westward migrations from industry-starved Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by-passes Ontario in favor of the Western provinces. And the Scot, with his caution and his sentiment, his passion for education and economy, dominates Canadian universities, banking, and law. The Scot has

given not only stability but a dour and cagey tone to Canadian life as surely as the Irish have contributed to the gaiety, vivacity, and instability of feeling in the United States.

Ontario itself, constituting so much of Canada, yet representing neither the parts to the East or West of it, is ideologically split by many historic causes which are still active. Its numerous religious and political factions (arising from various strata of immigration) have left a heritage of suspicion which is gradually being dissipated as industrial prosperity obliterates the past and puts the population into confident motion. But the volume and tempo of Canadian economic life has only recently got to the point which in the United States has long taught people to live in the present. Nevertheless, Canada is still as historically-minded as the American South, with which it has so much in common.

The Canadian West is the antithesis of Ontario in being socially homogeneous and egalitarian. The conditions of life there at first put everybody on an equal footing, and the attitude remains. Yet, in spite of the fact that Westerners are socially more "American" than the rest of Canada, their old-country sentiment is very strong, due mainly to the Scottish influence.

A matter calling for separate consideration, but which as a major feature of Canadian life should be mentioned here, is the lure of the

North. That huge frozen vacuum which constitutes our northern frontier territory exerts a polarizing force, in every sense, on Canadian psychology. It is a perpetual drain on our psychic energies, as it is on those of Scandinavia and Russia. As the ice recedes northward every summer for a few months, most Canadians pursue it mysteriously. Their annual yen to live out-of-doors in the north woods is explained by Canadians as a natural desire to throw off the burdens of artificial existence. But it is anything but that, for the burdens of a little holiday in the North are so staggering as to make it anything but a vacation. The Northern dream serves instead as an escape from confronting the real problems of our relations with our powerful Southern neighbor.

AT THE BEGINNING of the twentieth century Canada was just ceasing to be a colony of Great Britain. But two wars have destroyed the British economy and fostered such extensive trade between Canada and the United States that Canada is now becoming a colony of the United States. And so, of course, is Great Britain. In fact, Canadians may soon be in demand in Britain to enlighten Englishmen in the art of being a colony. Canadians have had a long time to learn this peculiar art and even manage to be nonchalant about their skill.

As an example of the new relations prevailing in the English-speaking countries, a short time ago, Cyril Connolly suspended the operations of *Horizon* (England's leading literary magazine) with the pronouncement that his magazine had ceased to have a function. All the best pieces he published, he said, were being sent from America. True or false, this was a revolutionary view. It amounted to saying that the cultural shadow which for centuries England cast over the arts on this side of the Atlantic has vanished. Instead, American arts are blanketing English intellectual life just as American movies have for two decades been providing English children with new speech habits. There is no longer any excuse for the immigrant humility in artistic matters which for so long pervaded American cultural life.

For Canadians as colonials, this blighting humility in intellectual and artistic life has been even more continuously and intensely felt than in the United States. For it was a matter of loyalty to foster and taste it. Though Americans have persisted in their pose of immigrant cultural humility, they adopted it on principle. And they had great feats of industrial engineering to balance against the weight of European culture. But Canadians live under the shadow not only of England but of the United States. Their reactions have been and are instinctively de-

fensive rather than reasoned. So Canadians will be very slow to assess the new cultural situation brought about by the economic decline of England. They will continue to act as though nothing has happened, if only because the dominant Victorian culture of the country has already accustomed them to ignore the cultural significance of technology and the new communication media of this continent. Victorian culture in the arts was itself a protest against industrial England. And the Victorian Ivory Tower will serve to insulate us for a little while longer against our own industrial culture.

Unaware, for example, that the novel has been a relatively obsolete form of art since 1922 (year of *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*), Canadians still dream of "the Great Canadian Novel," which, when written, will provide an authentic national stamp for our passports.

Actually, the very absence of cluttering example and tradition in the arts is the main Canadian opportunity. The only possible strategy for the Canadian writer, poet, artist (as it was for Joyce, Pound, and Eliot when they found themselves in cultural back-waters) is to conquer the old traditions through the most revolutionary artistic techniques suggested by the current modes of science and technology. This is the really great advantage enjoyed by any provincial in a time of rapid change. He can not come to

the new through the old, but must discover and master the old through what is most recent. By the very nature of his situation, he is familiar with the new and somewhat at a loss in the presence of the traditional. This was the advantage of the Elizabethans confronted by the high art of Italy and France. It was the advantage of Walter Scott and Tolstoy and Faulkner bringing the newest art techniques to unexploited provincial subject matter. For the men in the centers of change have less opportunity for appraisal and invention than those on the periphery. The men at the center are much more comfortable and much less observant.

So the Canadian, located between two great communities, the English and the American, is provincial to both. He would, therefore be in a superb position to develop habits of critical insight if the development of such habits were not paralyzed by colonial timidity or Scottish caution.

AS A FRONTIER TERRITORY Canada has become increasingly attractive as a site for American investments and as an indispensable source of raw materials for American heavy industry. The water power, pulp, and iron ore of Quebec have recently led to such a massive invasion of American capital that the old province is undergoing a sort of accelerated industrial revolution.

This development suggests various reflections. Economically speaking, the French in Canada have always been second-class citizens beside the commercially-minded Scotch and English. But culturally speaking, the French have always regarded the English as interlopers — not really Canadians — and as materialistic Babbitts. Therefore, in intellectual and artistic affairs French Canada outranks the larger English-speaking community. The French have produced more and better poets, novelists, critics, and musicians. Their intellectuals were nourished by a nineteenth century which in France was as unmistakably first-rate as the later Victorian period in England was second-rate. That is why English Canada today is still Victorian in its “serious” culture and contemporary only insofar as it absorbs unconsciously the entertainment of the American mass-media. But the French in Canada are not handicapped by the same measure of culture-lag which in English Canada creates acute indigestion in the presence of the art and thought of a technological world.

THE QUESTION arises as to what will be the effect on Canada of a superior French esthetic culture if it should suddenly be provided with an economic base at least equal to that of Ontario? Will French Canadian culture survive prosperity and technology? Will its language sur-

vive the greatly increased demands for spoken English which arise with the increased commerce with the United States?

The Royal Commission report on Canadian culture looks wistfully at the French language bulwark against American culture. Ottawa is not at all averse to finding some bureaucratic equivalent for that French language barrier to the infiltration of American entertainment. But the Royal Commission, while distressed over the plight of Canadian painters, writers, and musicians who must compete for attention on unequal terms with their American colleagues, has not yet achieved an adequate working analysis of the culture of this continent or this century.

The Royal Commission is squarely in line with our bureaucrats and Victorian patriarchs in supposing that culture is basically an unpleasant moral duty. According to this view, everything that people do spontaneously and with gusto, everything connected with industry, commerce, sport, and popular entertainment is merely vulgar. Americans are sufficiently familiar with this attitude through the genteel tradition of New England which dominates their academic life. But modern anthropology and sociology have begun to open up new conceptions in these matters. Who knows? Perhaps the next Royal Commission on Canadian culture may include a brief notice on Walt Disney and

ice-hockey as Canada's outstanding contributions to world culture in the twentieth century.

In fact, Walt Disney will serve very well as an instance of the peculiar advantages which Canadians enjoy when they are prepared to look at their situation in respect to the arts of the twentieth century. They have reached the end of the Gutenberg era of the printed word before, as Canadians, they have had anything very important to print. They are, therefore, free to exploit

the new media without the exhausting effort of self-extrication from the old.

Once Canadians adopt that attitude they will drop their defensive tactics against the "threat" from English and American culture and welcome such contacts. But it is probable that Ottawa will in the meantime spend considerable money on a cultural Maginot line which would do less harm if built in the arctic circle to protect us from the infiltration of Eskimo folklore.

Still Waiting for Justinian?

What, then, is the total number of laws now in effect in America? Obviously, there can be only an estimate, and one man's estimate, perhaps, is as good as another's. It is my own opinion that no fewer than 10,000,000 laws and ordinances are theoretically operative in the United States today.

Even the most conscientious observer can hardly fail during the course of a single day to violate unwittingly some of them. The law has become so complex and extensive that no living man can hope to learn its provisions or observe it in full. The traffic laws alone — that tangled skein of tomfoolery that nobody can unravel — make lawbreakers of all motorists. The record shows that one motorist out of every five within a wide survey was arrested for some violation or other of the traffic laws during the year 1924. And for every motorist whose misfortune it was to become caught in the skein, how many broke through undetected?

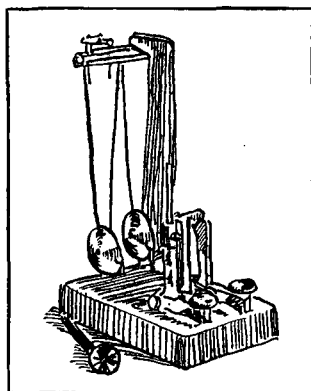
To such absurdities have our lawmakers led us. But just as surely as there was a Roman Empire in the days of old, so surely will the days to come bring forth a modern American Justinian and a new and simpler code, founded on the old-time virtue of common sense.

WILLIAM P. HELM, JR., in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, January 1927.

Opinions

from

the Chronoscope



From the most popular "information" program on television — Longines Chronoscope — THE MERCURY brings its readers each month a few carefully selected opinions. The program is televised each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 11 p.m. Eastern Standard Time by CBS (Channel 4). William Bradford Huie, THE MERCURY's editor, conducts the discussions on these programs, which feature leading national and international figures, with a guest editor. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editor or sponsor.

HENRY A. WALLACE

KAMIL ABDUL RAHIM BEY
*Ambassador of Egypt to the
United States*

HAROLD E. STASSEN

SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT

Mr. Wallace on American Aid and the Displaced Arabs

MR. HUIE: What do you regard as the most critical areas in the world today?

MR. WALLACE: Today the most critical areas, in my opinion, comprise the Mohammedan world extending from French Morocco on the West all the way across to the southern part of the Philippines, and including also the Hindu world. In addition, I would say South Korea, because it seems to me of absolutely vital importance if you wish to gain the sympathy of the peoples of Asia and the

Near East that we do a real job for the South Koreans as soon as the war comes to an end. If we do not do a real job of rehabilitation, we will lose face even more decisively than we would if we lost the war in Korea.

MR. HUIE: Now what would you have us do in those critical areas you mention, specifically for the displaced Arabs?

MR. WALLACE: First, of course, there are the immediate needs of these displaced Arabs. But far more important are the long-term needs, which have to do with the resettlement of these Arabs by providing adequate irrigation in that part of the world which at one time had the most significant irrigation systems on earth. The Tigris-Euphrates river valleys were a marvelously fertile, civilized area at one time, and can be made so again. If we will step in decisively and vigorously to help these displaced Arabs, they can do a genuine job, and in the process we can also make the position of Israel more tenable.

MR. HUIE: Do you advocate this, sir, purely from humanitarian motives?

MR. WALLACE: No, not purely humanitarian, although I have observed that humanitarianism always has its economic aspects. Genuine humanitarianism pays in the long run.

MR. HUIE: How can it pay the United States other than just to do a good

turn if we step in there and help those people to a higher standard of living. Can it help us in our war against Communism?

MR. WALLACE: Definitely. It makes all the difference in the world in our war against Communism to show that we can do for them what the Communists can not do. The Communists always promise land. Of course, after the land has been given, they will charge a higher rent than was formerly charged by the landlords. We can do a real job in seeing that these displaced Arabs have land, working in cooperation with the respective governments, seeing that dams are constructed, irrigation canals dug, water made available, always having the local government, however, contribute its part as well. And most of these governments do have income because of oil.

MR. HUIE: If we do that for them, do you think that will make them prefer us to what Russia has to offer?

MR. WALLACE: If we really understand them, if we develop an extension system in *their* terms similar to the extension system which we learned how to develop for our farmers in their terms.

Ambassador Rahim on the Displaced Arabs and Egyptian Independence

MR. HUIE: Is there anti-American feeling in Egypt today?

THE AMBASSADOR: Before the Second World War there was always a good feeling toward the United States.

MR. DONALD I. ROGERS: But that has changed now?

THE AMBASSADOR: Unfortunately it has, because the United States has backed the policy in Palestine with the result that about a million Arab refugees are scattered in the desert with no hope. Another thing that has alienated the feeling of Egypt and the Near East is the colonial policy followed by certain Western powers.

MR. HUIE: Good feeling did exist, didn't it, through the Second World War?

THE AMBASSADOR: It existed all through the war. We cooperated wholeheartedly with the American GIs, and they were loved by the Egyptians. They were always in good relations with each other.

MR. ROGERS: You have the feeling they would not be again — at the present time, we'll say.

THE AMBASSADOR: At the present time, I am afraid the feeling is not as before. Not since 1946 when the Palestinian problem began. That was the turning point.

MR. HUIE: The Egyptians objected to our backing the Zionists?

THE AMBASSADOR: Not only the Egyptians, but all the Arab countries, all the Moslem world. You see the result in the million Arab refugees who have been driven

from their homes. They are scattered in all parts of the Arab world. In the Gaza strip alone, which is a very small strip, there are about a quarter of a million. And they are in Libya, Lebanon, Jordan. It is one of the greatest human tragedies in the history of the world.

MR. ROGERS: What do you think the United States should do?

THE AMBASSADOR: The United Nations has given decisions that these refugees should go to their homes in Palestine. The United States should back these resolutions of the United Nations.

MR. HUIE: Has the United Nations resolved to restore their original homes, or simply to provide other homes for them?

THE AMBASSADOR: They decided that all refugees who would like to go to their homes should go there, but this resolution has not been put into force.

MR. ROGERS: Why is that?

THE AMBASSADOR: Because the Israelis refuse to accept them.

MR. HUIE: What is the principal Egyptian aspiration today — to be rid of colonialism?

THE AMBASSADOR: Egypt was independent all through the nineteenth century and before. It has its autonomy. The British came to Egypt in 1882 by force. They bombarded Alexandria. They overwhelmed our army. They landed in the Suez Canal, and they are

still there in the Suez Canal. We have been trying for seventy years to get rid of that domination.

MR. ROGERS: Is Egypt prepared to defend the Suez Canal on her own if England should withdraw her troops?

THE AMBASSADOR: We are ready. We have a population of twenty million. We are willing to pay for our armament and defend our country — and not only our country, but also the free world.

MR. ROGERS: If that is so, why did Egypt refuse to join the Middle East Four-Power Command?

THE AMBASSADOR: If you look at the Middle East Command, you will find that it is tantamount to getting the British out of Egypt through the front door and bringing them back with two or three powers through the back door. This is not what Egypt wanted. Egypt wanted to have complete equality, complete sovereignty, in order to be able to pull her full weight in defending her country and in defending the free world.

MR. HUIE: It is American policy now to support the British in Egypt, isn't it?

THE AMBASSADOR: So far as I can see, there is a complete identity of views between the two governments.

MR. ROGERS: The United States, you must be aware, has a basic fear that to create an independent political entity anywhere in the

Near East at this time is to run the result of having that nation go Communist.

THE AMBASSADOR: I can assure you, Mr. Rogers, that the policy being followed is spreading Communism in Egypt and the Near East against our will. We are fighting Communism and driving it underground. But the Communists are using the colonial policy followed by Britain in the Near East, and especially in Egypt, to foment Communism and trouble in the Near East. They are using it very skillfully.

MR. ROGERS: In the universities?

THE AMBASSADOR: In the universities, in the schools, among the intelligentsia. They don't call themselves Communist parties in our country. They call themselves Committees of National Liberation. They don't arouse the people over bad distribution of wealth, or inequality of wealth, or Marxist principles. They use the colonial policy which is weighing on our people there.

Mr. Stassen on the Presidency, Foreign Policy, Korea

MR. HUIE: Whom do you regard as your principal opponent for the Republican Presidential nomination?

MR. STASSEN: Senator Robert A. Taft.

MR. HUIE: And why do you consider Senator Taft your principal opponent?

MR. STASSEN: He is clearly out in front. He has been making this very active and powerful campaign for some months and has acquired considerable commitments for future delegates.

MR. HUIE: Senator Taft is principally criticized for his foreign policy, I believe. Now what do you regard as the major difference between you and Senator Taft on foreign policy?

MR. STASSEN: I think I could best characterize it by saying that I have been in that part of the Republican Party that backed Senator Arthur Vandenberg in his outlook upon a very active world policy on the part of America for the sake of our future security.

MR. HENRY HAZLITT: You couldn't state now whether your opinions coincide with General Eisenhower's?

MR. STASSEN: I do know that on the great issue of Western Europe and thereby helping to secure the future of America, I stand with General Eisenhower, and I know that our views in that respect are the same.

MR. HUIE: Can you generalize a bit and tell us whether you are for more commitments abroad, more American spending, or are you for a lesser effort abroad, lesser spending?

MR. STASSEN: We should have a new American approach to foreign policy and it should be our definite

objective, among other things, to turn other nations away from socialism toward more economic freedom. In other words, to help them help themselves and not have them so reliant upon American aid. And in that process I am convinced that in a very few years we could reduce American aid and have them doing their own producing to a greater extent than they have been doing.

MR. HUIE: Do you think it is likely that we can reduce American spending in 1953 and 1954 from what it was in 1951 and 1952?

MR. STASSEN: If we have a new American foreign policy that is really hard-hitting and dynamic toward the defeat of Communism without war, and if we end on the one hand this soft internationalist policy which the Administration has followed and if we do not make the mistake of slipping back to the old semi-isolationist defensive policy which some have advocated, but move forward with a real dynamic American approach, then I think we can reach the stage quite rapidly where we can spend less money abroad and have a stronger position against Communism in the world.

MR. HAZLITT: What do you think should be done in Korea now? Do you think these negotiations should be continued or not?

MR. STASSEN: I think the first thing we ought to do is call General

MacArthur back and put him in charge. Clearly, as every month goes by, it shows the wisdom and rightness of his great analysis of that situation. And one of the most terrible errors in American history was that summary dismissal of General MacArthur by President Truman.

Senator Taft on the Presidency, Korea, and War

MR. HUIE: Senator Taft, if there is a threat to your candidacy, it is the rather widespread belief that you might make an excellent President but that you don't have much chance of winning. Why do you think you can win?

SENATOR TAFT: Why shouldn't I win, Mr. Huie? If any Republican can win, I think he certainly can this year. I ran in 1950 on the same issues. I had the opposition of Mr. Truman, I think of almost every member of Mr. Truman's cabinet, the opposition of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. — that is, the leaders of them, not the men I found before I got through. Ohio is a typical state. It is a very fair cross-section of industry, of agriculture, of every other feature of American life, and I carried the state by 431,000, which is the largest amount that a Senator had ever carried it. I got about forty per cent of the labor union vote. I received a much larger percentage, of course, of other

votes, and I see no reason whatever why the same methods pursued throughout the nation would not have the same effect.

MR. HUIE: Your strength in the Midwest is generally conceded, sir, but what about a state like New York?

SENATOR TAFT: What is the difference on the whole between New York and Ohio. Upstate New York is exactly like Ohio.

MR. HENRY HAZLITT: Do you have any preferences for the Democratic candidate for President?

SENATOR TAFT: Well, I am no expert in Democratic politics. I *have* said that my favorite candidate for the Democratic nomination would be President Truman. He said that I was his candidate. I don't want to make it a mutual admiration society, but still if I were running, I would prefer to have him as the candidate because I think it would squarely present the fundamental issues that divide the American people today.

MR. HAZLITT: Do you think our truce negotiators in Korea ought to make any more concessions than they already have in order to get a truce?

SENATOR TAFT: No, I really don't. Of course, there is the question of expediency now that didn't exist before. The Russians have increased their jet planes, numbers of them, and our jet planes are apparently not being replaced.

We have lost control of the air already over the Yalu River. We couldn't carry on the bombing operations that General MacArthur wanted to carry on six months ago and could have carried on six months ago. It may well be that we had better get a stalemate peace for the moment because apparently our air production program, in spite of the billions we have appropriated, has fallen way behind. We don't think they are going to get a reinforcement of jet planes there for a very considerable time.

MR. HUIE: Many of our audience have heard it said, Senator, that in this difficult period in history you are too much of a pacifist, that your backgrounds are pacifist, that you hate war, that you are so afraid of war that you might not be aggressive enough in this particular period. Now, what is your reaction to that? Do you think you are essentially pacifist?

SENATOR TAFT: I wouldn't say pacifist, Mr. Huie. I do think that war today is such a terrible tragedy that it ought to be avoided in every possible way unless it is absolutely necessary to protect the liberty of the United States. The only worse thing than war would be a conquest by a foreign

nation. Short of that, war has lost all its glamor. War is more destructive of the civilian population than of the military personnel even. War doesn't accomplish its purposes. War is as likely to destroy the victor as it is to destroy the vanquished. It completely disrupts the economic conditions so that it practically forces socialism if not dictatorship. In fact, our experience with the first and second world wars is that instead of producing liberty, they produced dictatorship as a general proposition. A nation seriously injured is probably unable to recover without the government's stepping in and more or less taking over at least during that period — and if it once does that, you may never get back to freedom. So war is almost as bad as the loss of liberty itself, and I would say that I am much more concerned about maintaining peace, about avoiding the use of war as an instrument of national policy, I think, than the last two Presidents of the United States. I think they have had too little regard for peace. Now, I must say that war may be necessary, and you have got today a very serious problem in the Russian aggression.

ARE TAXES

Christopher Bliss

MAKING

LIARS OF US ALL?

ONCE UPON A TAX-FREE TIME, when years were reckoned according to solar rather than fiscal considerations, men used to go fishing with the idea of scaring up something to eat. That things are no longer so simple — thanks to a specter called the Bureau of Internal Revenue — is indicated by a story which recently went the Broadway rounds.

It seems that Lederman, owner of a hearse rental agency, called up his friend Bilgrum, a small manufacturer of anti-histamine drugs.

"Listen," said Lederman, "today is red letter. It so happens that today I get hold of a consignment of fancy boneless grade-A Norwegian

sardines packed in pure cottonseed oil, tasty like anything. It's a throw-away but I could give you this canned goods for \$13,000 —"

"Sardines?" said Bilgrum. "In cottonseed oil? I got a soft spot for sardines in cottonseed oil."

Five minutes later the drug manufacturer called a marginal publisher of science-fantasy comic books named Gladstowe.

"Get this," said Bilgrum. "By a set of circumstances I am as of currently the possessor of a red-letter consignment of boneless grade-A Norwegian sardines, guaranteed to taste like spring chicken, white meat. You could take them off my hands for \$17,000."

"My check will be in the morning mail first thing," said Gladstowe.

During the next two hours the sardines were owned fleetingly by

Articles by Christopher Bliss on fiscal matters and government policy have appeared in previous issues of THE MERCURY.

Cassals, a dealer in silk remnants, Fugazi, a manufacturer of miniature tin Eiffel Towers, and Ianopoulos, a man who operates a couple of check-cashing and bail-bond offices around town. Finally Furgatch, a distributor of exterminating equipment, called up Lederman, the aforementioned hearse rental agent.

"Lederman?" said Furgatch. "Some sweet break. This afternoon I pick up, guess what, a whole consignment of fancy red-letter boneless grade-A Norwegian sardines. For a song, \$27,000. Great sardines, Lederman, delicious like lobster tails with truffles. I just tried out a can and —"

"Idiot!" yelled Lederman. "What, are you crazy? Those sardines ain't for eating, they're for buying and selling!"

It might appear that such canny trading would be of more interest to the Bureau of Fisheries than the Bureau of Internal Revenue, but not so. These midtown anglers are more than compleat: they have hit upon an angle which Izaak Walton never dreamed of, for all its fishiness, one technically known to tax experts as "capital gains." Indeed, the punch-line of the story should properly read, "Those sardines ain't for eating, they're for capital gains."

The logic behind this gimmick is simple enough. According to the tax laws, the profit which a man derives from any transaction related to his normal business activities is

subject to the normal skyrocketing tax rates, but if he makes sporadic speculative investments in other areas he is required to report only fifty percent of his gains and to pay a maximum tax of only twenty-five percent on such gains. So, when a dealer in sardines makes a killing in sardines, most of it may go for taxes, but a hearse operator or manufacturer of toy Eiffel Towers can keep a much larger portion of any incidental sardine-trading profits.

It follows that, so long as this tax-dodging angle is there, all sorts of sober citizens will go chasing after all sorts of ephemeral sardines, for reasons more fiscatorial than piscatorial. That is exactly what is happening: traditional American precepts about steady habits notwithstanding, a surprising number of cobblers are now deserting their customary lasts to pursue funds which can be tagged as speculative gain rather than income. The tax regulations are helping to make race-track plungers out of cautious C.P.A.'s and Wall Street lions out of bookkeeping lambs.

THEY EVEN MAKE art patrons out of brassiere manufacturers, a feat more awesome than the transmuting of sows' ears into silk purses. For if a sardine or a share of stock or an apartment house can be bought on speculation — not for normal income but for gain through resale — so can paintings and sculpture.

A case in point is that of the manufacturer of ladies' undergarments who some years back, haunted by the creeping shadow of March 15, began to buy modern paintings. It is easy enough for such a businessman to ascertain, through those in the esthetic know, which young artists are up-and-coming, then to seek out one of them and offer him a flat thousand dollars, say, for a handful of his works. The artist will not often refuse, even though his paintings are priced at a thousand dollars each when they are exhibited in a show: how often can he wheedle a show, and how many thousand-dollar bills can he flush at such shows?

Using all his merchandising acumen, the manufacturer in question acquired several good paintings at drastically cut-rate prices. During the next two years he unloaded three of them at a return several times his original investment. On this return, naturally, he paid only a capital-gains tax, because his normal income is derived from uplift in an area remote from the arts: he deals in cups rather than colleges.

But the operation did not stop there. In a spurt of public spirit the brassierist-turned-art-fancier then donated his remaining paintings to various museums and galleries. Of course, he could hardly have fobbed off just anything on these institutions: the paintings had to be reasonably good and their creators

reasonably well thought of in art circles. But the man had shopped shrewdly, and his gifts were gratefully received. At that point he called in a professional appraiser (at a fat fee) to estimate the paintings' value, and they were evaluated, it goes without saying, at figures many times what he paid for them. So the public benefactor had another neat tax gimmick: for when a work of art is donated to a public institution, it is tax deductible at its appraised value.

There has been a flurry of such art patronage in recent years, inspired less by esthetics than by the Bureau of Internal Revenue: the brassiere manufacturers are invading many Greenwich Village ateliers, checkbooks in hand. Of the works of art which they have suddenly begun to cherish, these abstract fish worked over lovingly by unsung Picassos and Brancusis, only this must be said: Those sardines ain't for eating.

But philanthropy need not take the specialized form of donations to museums. It is also officially considered a contribution to the common weal, and admirable all around, to give moneys to orphanages and anti-vivisectionist societies, or to help feed one's aged mother or unemployed brother-in-law. Accordingly, such contributions are, to one degree or another, tax deductible too.

Thanks to this circumstance, a remarkable mass thaw occurs through the nation on or about every March

15. Then it is that — as though to prove that, clichés aside, nourishing fluids are after all very easily coaxed from stones — the milk of human kindness begins to gush from all sorts of people heretofore regarded as slabs of monolithic callousness, boulders of indifference. At fiscal year's end the flinty hearts of our most felonious fellowmen begin to throb with selflessness and bonhomie: charity and good works crop up in the robber baron, solicitude for his kinfolk in the hood who never before wished his poor old ma anything but a bed of itching powder. At the drop of an income tax return, charitable handouts (always deductible) are remembered by the bushel, dependents (always deductible) by the brigade.

Magic has never before been a major function of government; of American government, anyway. But all these remarkable metamorphoses in spirit, temperament, taste, bent, and vocation can be laid directly at the door of one super-charismatic government agency, the Bureau of Internal Revenue. What other man-made institution can, with one wave of its fiscal wand, send comic-book publishers scurrying after boneless sardines and brassiere manufacturers after mobiles, make knights errant out of yeggs, and pull many other equally alabaster bunnies from many other equally greasy top-hats? Cause the most obdurate marble to fairly drip with benignity, the lapid to dis-

solve into the lactic — regularly, once a year, every March 15?

THE FACT IS that the income tax, which has been with us only since the first world war, has gone a long way toward making quick-change artists of us all: it has caused many of us to dabble in irrelevancies, more to spend a staggering number of man-hours in the study and cultivation of tax-evading dodges. And let no one think that such practices are restricted to the upper income brackets. While two out of every three returns in the \$25,000-or-more category contain mistakes favoring the payer, it is also true that errors appear on one out of every four returns, nine out of ten favoring the payer; most people, in fact, deliberately pad their deductions so that they will have some leeway for bargaining if their returns are audited. At a very conservative estimate these evasive tactics cost the Treasury some two billion dollars each year. It was a fine intuition for the statistical which led Will Rogers to suggest that "The income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf has."

The social impact of the modern tax system is incalculable, but it is clear enough that few departments of our national life have escaped it. As the government mitt dips deeper and deeper into the citizenry's pocket — it now snatches about thirty percent of the national in-

come — more and more of our energies are mobilized to beat the tax rap: a national tug-of-war develops, and the game of *not* passing the buck bids fair to become a mass pastime. The keynote of more and more of our enterprises is taxation without reprehension or apprehension — by the B.I.R.

It did not happen overnight, of course; it can not be traced to the malevolence or ineptitude of this or that administration. The game of systematic dissembling began the moment there was reason to dissemble, and during the nonchalant twenties developed into a fine art involving the most devious kinds of know-how. Take, for example, the case of Honest John Kelley, the man to whom Elmer L. Irey, formerly chief enforcement officer for the Treasury Department, has ascribed "miracles of gall perpetrated on Uncle Sam."

Honest John, for many years the tax lawyer for the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows, was a man with a positive genius for making two deductions grow where none had grown before; his specialties were the intricate manipulations known as "depreciation" and "abandonment." The tax laws provide that when any business acquires a property which decays or deteriorates so that it becomes worthless in ten years' time, ten per cent of its value can be deducted each year for depreciation;

and if the property so far loses its value that it has to be abandoned in a shorter period, its full value can be deducted, in installments, from the returns made out during that period.

Honest John was dazzled by the suggestive logic of these regulations. Understandably, he was so disappointed when the first inventory of the circus reached the puny figure of \$1,800,000 that he added to it the inventory of a non-existent fifty-car travelling show and thus arrived at the plump figure of \$4,000,000, on the basis of which he began feverishly to estimate the show's annual depreciation. But his zeal did not stop there: for three successive years he "abandoned" one very dead rhinoceros, originally purchased for \$3,500, at the rate of \$35,000 per annum, which added up to a total tax savings of \$101,500.

The moving of the circus's winter headquarters from Bridgeport to Sarasota in 1927 inspired Honest John to herculean feats of desertion: at one stroke he abandoned acres of grounds and installations — overlooking the fact that said grounds and installations had merely been rented — as well as 46 elephants, 23 camels, 18 bears, 23 lions, 800 horses, and hundreds of monkeys. No explanation was advanced as to how the State of Connecticut weathered this invasion. "Sir," U. S. District Attorney Joseph Burns said despairingly when Kelley told his bland

story in court in 1938, "when the circus moved to Sarasota, Bridgeport must have looked like a jungle."

The upshot of Honest John's hyperbolic arithmetic was that, during the years 1918-1932, the circus paid taxes on profits of only \$4,000,000 while the Ringling Brothers, and their heirs, withdrew more than \$10,000,000 from the kitty. The Ringlings got a bill for \$3,600,000 in additional taxes and penalties and interest, but when the Treasury faced the fact that it might have to take over the circus it hastily settled for \$800,000.

Over the years there have been equally spectacular cases of evasion which turned into national scandals. In 1939 Huey Long's Louisiana machine was prosecuted for some six million dollars in additional taxes and penalties; in the same year the potentate of Kansas City, Thomas J. Pendergast, was locked up for forgetting to report a few hundred thousand dollars in graft income. (One of the hardest workers in the effort to clear the noble Pendergast name and save the great man from the clink was the then junior senator from Missouri, Harry Truman.) In 1940 one of the most fabulous cases of all popped into the headlines, that of Moses L. Annenberg, the multi-millionaire publisher of racing forms and horseshow tip sheets; the assessment slapped on Moe was for \$8,000,000, the largest sum ever paid by an individual nabbed for

evasion. In 1941 there was the case of Enoch L. (Nucky) Johnson, pasha of Atlantic City, who handed over more than \$1,000,000 of the undeclared pay-offs he had been receiving from madams and bookies; in 1947 there was the case of F. D. R.'s executive assistant, Eugene V. Casey, who paid additional taxes of \$106,000 for the single year 1941 and was then informed by the Treasury that he owed an additional \$196,000 for the same year. And so on, ad infinitum.

Let it be said at once that tax evasion knows no party lines — for every Pendergast who turns up to embarrass the Democrats, there is a Nucky Johnson to turn Republican faces an incandescent scarlet. Indeed, the provocative truth would seem to be that big-scale politicking and big-scale tax evasion have now developed the intimacy of Siamese twins, perhaps because the one has become so costly an activity that it cannot survive without under-the-table financing from the other. It is the dovetailing of these two fields of endeavor, no doubt, which has called into existence such specialized behind-the-scenes wielders of power as Washington's "mystery man" Henry Gruenwald and the scores of easily buttered-up government officials with whom he deals.

BUT IT IS NOT ENOUGH to dwell on the B.I.R.'s hypnotic effect on the citizenry. More basic, in the long run, is the equally devastating

spell which the citizenry casts over the Bureau, for ultimately the people get government institutions which more or less echo their ethical and moral sentiments.

Today, undeniably, the Bureau is comptometer-deep in scandal. Scores of employees have been summarily severed from their jobs, including at least six collectors of internal revenue appointed by the President, and some have been indicted. Hair-raising stories have been brought to light by the King subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee as to how revenue agents and auditors shake down fly-by-night furriers, blackmail models and madams, file returns for fictitious taxpayers and collect the refunds, extort money from convicted abortionists, pare nightclub taxes, and all the rest. We have heard about the New York collector who operated a vending machine business with Longie Zwillman and in seven years collected \$190,000 in outside income, about other officials who ran bookie services and numbers banks in their offices and amassed more bank accounts than they could remember. It has registered with us that the recent Commissioner of the Bureau, George J. Schoeneman, has himself resigned under a cloud, and that Assistant Attorney General Theron Lamar Caudle, the Justice Department's chief prosecutor of tax frauds, has been unceremoniously bounced.

But in all this skullduggery, it must be said, our tax enforcement officers are doing little more than keeping up with the Joneses. There are only 57,000 employees of the Bureau — and only a small number of them have been proven guilty of graft, fraud, extortion and embezzlement — and they are surrounded by 51,000,000 good citizens and true who annually fork over some \$70,000,000,000 and actively resent every red cent of it. The pressures from this irate human surround are so great that it is a wonder the Bureau can carry out its functions at all. Yet, since the war, Bureau investigations have been bringing in two billions a year in extra revenues, at a cost of one dollar for every twenty recovered, and it is highly probable that with a larger staff and more stringent enforcement several additional billions would be rounded up annually.

But so long as an atmosphere of agitated dodge exists, it will seep into the Bureau one way or another. Bribes too juicy to be turned down will be offered to a badly underpaid auditor; situations crying out for blackmail or shakedown will be turned up by a badly underpaid investigator. When the gimmick becomes a national preoccupation, some employees of the B.I.R. are going to become gimmick-minded too. At least in a democracy: it is one of the more troublesome aspects of the democratic process that it

encourages the official to be exactly like everybody else, only more so.

MARCH 15 is with us again. Americans by the many thousands are burning the midnight fluorecents, making a last-minute effort to juggle capital-gains transactions, dependency claims, donations to charity, depreciations and abandonments, expense accounts, entertainment charges, dummy corporation set-ups. Undeclared wads of currency are being stowed away in shoeboxes, binges are being listed as business conferences and mistresses as salaried employees; bribes are being offered, payoffs demanded. Some of these gimmicks are technically within the letter of the law, others are glaringly outside it — but all are designed to avoid passing the much battled-over buck. It is a national free-for-all in which the chips fall where they may, and often they do not fall anywhere in the neighborhood of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

But the effects of our zooming tax rates go far beyond this annual scrimmage. One of the infinitely graver consequences is that the motive power behind much of our enterprise is either being diverted into inconsequential or even anti-social channels or squelched altogether. When a business magazine recently queried top business executives as to whether heavy tax loads have deterred them from in-

vesting in new projects, forty per cent of them answered in the affirmative. Some of the answers were no doubt prompted by anti-Administration spleen, but certainly not all.

It was recently announced by Lew Reese, owner of a \$3,000,000 pottery in Scio, Ohio, that he was negotiating to sell his company to an Eastern university. He explained that it was primarily a tax deal: the university would have to pay corporation taxes but it would sidestep a lot of others, especially the \$500,000 inheritance taxes which Reese's estate would have to meet upon his death. For more or less the same reasons, other businessmen have indicated interest in turning their holdings over to churches or foundations — they and their relatives would remain in key executive posts but would avoid many of the tax problems which now plague them.

Even more sobering is the story of a prominent New York manufacturer who recently described to his friends what he considers the wisest investment of his distinguished career. It was not anything that added to the scope of his own imposing business or gave him a foothold in another; it was, rather, a privately-owned toll tunnel in a Southern state which he had snatched up for less than \$200,000. This tunnel, which connects two towns situated on opposite sides of a river, was closed down by the state right after the manufacturer took it over be-

cause a new bridge had been built nearby. The reason for the manufacturer's elation, of course, was that the tunnel had collected heavy tolls during the years when it was the only link between the two towns, and for years he has been deducting from his tax returns all the tolls he has "lost."

Time was when everybody's major concern was to make a buck by contriving new methods of production and service. It is something new when a manufacturer boasts that his concern now is to *keep* a buck — through deliberately senseless investment.

To be sure, no amount of yelping about bureaucratic incompetence and foreign entanglements and military profligacy and Point-Four throwaways is going to solve the problem: there is no way to flip the calendar back to the footloose and tax-free nineteenth century. Death, bureaucracy, and taxes seem to be inescapable ingredients of the complex society we live in. And so long as the requirements of the military mushroom as they now do — military requirements for 1952 are \$44,000,000,000, as against a mere \$25,000,000,000 for all other government needs — we can expect that, no matter what changes take place in the Administration, the government's take from the national income will remain at thirty per cent or more.

Still, it is a startling thought that

what a man kept for himself in 1939 out of \$4,000 he can't equal today on an income of less than \$9,000, and what he got then from \$10,000 he gets today from \$25,000. Roswell Magill, president of the Tax Foundation and former Under Secretary of the Treasury, predicts that the over-all tax bite may very well rise to something close to half the national income, and that Congress will not be able to raise the additional revenues without levying a general sales tax, either retail or manufacturers'.

A long time ago Freud advanced the idea that civilization inevitably breeds some fund of discontent, since it tears more and more energies away from instinctual urges and places them at the disposal of cultural works which, however satisfying, can't compensate entirely for the instinctual loss. Freud was thinking, though, in terms of *productive* cultural works; he did not anticipate a society in which more and more of the energies wrested from the simple pleasures would be channeled into essentially useless and silly, even downright anti-social, activities.

The modern tax system is helping to do just that. How many talented professional men, among them doctors and engineers, have curtailed their activities because they see no point to exerting themselves "working for the government"? Who knows how many people there are around the country today — book-

keepers, C.P.A.'s, lawyers, tax consultants, new types of specialists on the corporation executive level, "mystery-man" operators in state capitals — who do nothing but study ways of not paying taxes? Who can tell how many man-hours are spent annually in the mass hunt for deductions? Not to mention, of course, the man-hours spent by government agencies to stymie and counteract

all this feverish evasive activity.

There is no easy solution for the problem; perhaps there is no solution at all. But it is worth thinking about seriously. If the Roman Senators had thought more about the wilder and wilder taxation which accompanied the disintegration of the Empire, it is just conceivable that the process of disintegration might have been slowed up a bit.

Jefferson on Taxes

If we run into such debts, as that we must be taxed in our meat and in our drink, in our necessities and our comforts, in our labors and our amusements, for our callings and our creeds, as the people of England are, our people, like them, must come to labor sixteen hours in the twenty-four, give the earnings of fifteen of these to the government for their debts and daily expenses; and the sixteenth being insufficient to afford us bread, we must live, as they now do, on oatmeal and potatoes; have no time to think, no means of calling the mismanagers to account; but be glad to obtain subsistence by hiring ourselves to rivet their chains on the necks of our fellow-sufferers.

THOMAS JEFFERSON in a letter to Samuel Kerchival, July 12, 1816.



The Progress of

John Dos Passos

Chosen Country. By John Dos Passos. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$4.00. 485 pages.

THE MOST STRIKING QUALITY of John Dos Passos' novels has always been their method, a method at once dramatic, effective, and puzzling to the point of irritation. It is the method of what is known as "naturalism" developed to such an extreme as to separate it from the general tradition that began with the heavily documented works of Emile Zola, who believed that the principles of science could be applied to fiction and result in narratives that would have the same objective

veracity as an astronomer's account of the movement of the stars. Zola managed to write great fiction by denying his credo and imbuing his works with wholly subjective passions and opinions that animated his writing while contradicting his creed. The latter-day naturalists succeeded somewhat better in casting human actions in an iron mold of objectivity that often rendered them lifeless. In the early work of John Dos Passos, he seemed to set an even less rational goal for himself, attempting to convert the novel into a camera-like means for photographing wide vistas of human action.

The irritation that mounts up as

one reads some of his youthful novels is due to this ruthless and determined mishandling of the medium, an irritation similar to what would be felt from driving across a continent in a high-powered car at ten miles an hour. Fiction is normally geared to cut much more rapidly to its central points, the disclosure of character or the denouement of a plot, than the rate at which Mr. Dos Passos allows it to proceed. True, in order to give reality to a story and solidity to a character, a background and a milieu must be established, but not by the overwhelming mass of detail and elaborate reconstructions of history with which Mr. Dos Passos burdens and impedes his narratives.

Yet, the odd method and style of his famous, early trilogy, *U.S.A.*, which is continued with only slight modifications into his latest novel, has a certain justification in the historic and geographic circumstances of contemporary America. In a fairly uniform society existing within the small compass of a country like England, the writer of fiction can take a good deal for granted. The traditions, habits, and beliefs of his characters require little explication, nor do the ordinary features of the terrain need description. Human nature, itself, is considered comprehensible and easily defined. All the narrative artist has to do, then, is superimpose the pattern of extraordinary events which constitutes his

story against the background of known and understood conventions, habits, and history which constitutes the society. Although certain oversimplifications of human nature are to be found in such fiction, it is on the whole adequate to a stable, homogeneous society which usually involves a certain simplification of life at the very core of its being and ways of thinking.

IN AMERICA, there is no solid core, no simple, traditional way of living or thinking which the novelist can use as a base for departure. Successive waves of immigration have continually eliminated what the previous groups have stored. The manners, beliefs, habits, and past of one section of the country are scarcely known, much less understood, by the others. Since he can not take history or society for granted, the novelist often is impelled to take up the task of the historian or the sociologist. Mr. Dos Passos has sloughed off some of the artifices which enabled him to satisfy the desire to elaborate his fiction along social and historic lines. Nevertheless, the compulsion is still sufficiently present to make him present the major characters by all kinds of oblique devices, to inject short biographies of their ancestors, to depart from the main action to delineate seemingly irrelevant individuals because they symbolize significant trends of the period. The style, too, is the same, a

deliberate, evenly-paced monotone, which, never rising or falling with the emotions generated, gives an effect of grim objectivity, an impersonal documentary quality even to those scenes which seem most fully to involve the author's sympathies.

But within the hard and fast limits of this objective kind of fiction *Chosen Country* seems to contain a more genuine, measured, and moving emotional release than is to be found in any of the author's previous work. Under the rubric of Jay Pignatelli, the illegitimate offspring of a wealthy, rakish, second-generation American lawyer, Dos Passos has dealt with his own past in a sagaciously mellow fashion, taking the long view of his early adventures among the radicals and Bohemians of the twenties and including a hilarious account of a brief sojourn in the topsy-turvy world of Soviet Russia in the twenties. The portraits of such recognizable figures of the era as Lincoln Steffens, the older Clarence Darrow and the young Hemingway are more complex and tolerant than his sketches of other notables in the past as is the presentation of a remarkable gallery of minor characters, Italian anarchists, a typical free-loving Communist female of the twenties, hard-faced executives, lawyers, career-women and ordinary, everyday Americans.

But the basic coalescing themes of the book are the restrained and deli-

cate account of Jay's courtship and marriage to one of the most charming feminine characters of recent fiction, and his gradual acceptance of America after a life of semi-exile and maladjustment. From the harsh days of the early novels in which Dos Passos saw Americans as almost wholly dominated by money-lust through a period when he swung back to an almost hysterical espousal of American virtues, Dos Passos seems to have evolved towards a mature and critical patriotism that infuses the entire narrative with a slow, cautious warmth. Where his feeling for the American scene has always been genuine and deep, a series of confused, disorganized attitudes seems to have delayed until, the present, its full open flowering. Indeed, through the vicissitudes of a hectic public career, changing modes of thought and literary fashion, Mr. Dos Passos has shown an unparalleled capacity for growth, maintaining a certain dignity and honesty even when most obviously in error. If nothing else, it is a notable achievement that he is capable of writing a book which gives one the feeling that there is even more exciting writing to come in the future.

ALTHOUGH, with the possible exception of Edmund Wilson, Mr. Dos Passos has worn better than all his literary contemporaries, and is, indeed, still a writer with a future, it is too early to estimate his relative

position in American literature. His defects and virtues can easily be seen alongside the work of such of his contemporaries as Hemingway and Fitzgerald. Compared to either, he obviously lacks some of the primary virtues of the novelist. He lacks the stylistic variety and brilliance which characterize their work and shows, even at this date, none of the self-critical, sure sense of his medium that might enable him to forego prosaically naming every object in a room or loading his pages with some of the lengthiest, most stultifying interior monologues set down since *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* beguiled Joyce's first imitators into a new way of boring their readers. Nor has he ever found a way to emerge fully as a colorful personality through the thick fog of naturalism, sharply selecting those aspects of a character or situation that appeal to him and reacting to them with the full force of sensibility. Yet, precisely because he has lacked this kind of talent, or avoided exercising it, he has escaped some of its limitations. Whatever the ultimate judgment on his fiction may be, there is no question but that it has played an unequalled role in dealing with the central problem of the American novel, which is to find some means of unifying the vast flux of American society within some kind of narrative frame. And whether as historian, reporter, or novelist, he has contributed whatever a sharp-eyed, un-

impeachably honest and sensitive observer could to the even more necessary development of our sense of the country as a whole, of the interactions of individual American lives with each other, with society and the world at large.

WILLIAM POSTER

Promise Fulfilled

Ulysses To Penelope. By E. Merrill Root. Marshall Jones Company, Franconia, New Hampshire. \$2.00. 59 pages.

It is not often that a "promising young poet" fulfills his promise after forty years. It must be almost that long since Robert Frost spoke golden words about the first slim volume of verse by E. Merrill Root. Mr. Root has published five volumes of poetry since, each beautifully renewing the promise. But it is only now, at the age of 57, that he has wholly fulfilled it. His sonnet sequence, *Ulysses To Penelope*, is the finest thing of its kind since Edna Millay's *Fatal Interview*. A poem of love and life's adventure spoken with classic elevation and yet effortless grace, it seems somehow, as most modern poetry does not, *authentic*. I suppose I mean written by a man who really is a poet. That Mr. Root had to seek out an obscure publisher up in New Hampshire to issue a poem with so much to say and so skilled in the saying — handicapped, indeed, only

by lucidity and song — is a trenchant comment on the poetic fashions of the day.

One of the sonnets, supposedly spoken by Ulysses in mid-voyage three thousand years ago, has an octave that bitterly fits the world we live in:

*Ours is a day when war like a wild
beast*

*Harries men's lives across a trampled
planet —*

A mad Leviathan from west to east,

Cleaving a furrow to the very granite.

*Red Troy is fallen now ten years ago,
Yet still the wind of change blows men
like leaves*

Over the lands and oceans to and fro.

*Still the flesh suffers and the spirit
grieves.*

MAX EASTMAN

In Short

***Let It Come Down.* By Paul Bowles. Random House. \$3.50. 311 pages.** Tangier is the backyard of the world, and makes a perfect locale for the inexpressible bunch of rotters and derelicts out of which Paul Bowles has made his exciting novel. We never before saw so many disagreeable people gathered into one book, or found them so interesting. Paul looks laughingly happy on the jacket, reclining in a deck chair on a terrace in what we take to be the Moroccan sunshine. But what he is happy

about you will never find out by reading his novel — unless just the fact that it is such a very good novel.

M. E.

***Leonardo da Vinci.* By Antonina Vallentin. The Viking Press. \$5.00. 561 pages.** Francis I of France once remarked that he did not believe "any other man had ever been born into the world who knew so much as Leonardo, not only in sculpture, painting, and architecture, but still more in that he was a very great philosopher." Yet Leonardo died, old at sixty-seven, tears streaming down his lined face because he had failed to achieve what he knew he was capable of. All his life long he was torn between his enthusiasm for knowledge, his yearning to spend his days in research, and his marvelous creative genius that put him up among the world's great painters. While planning some of the most spectacular inventions of modern technology, he was painting the Last Supper, Saint Jerome, Saint Anne, the Mona Lisa. Mme. Vallentin's deftly handled intertwining of the events and characters of the Renaissance with the facts of Leonardo's life and art makes her biography a work of superb scholarship as well as a dramatic story. The translation by E. W. Dickes is masterful.

F. N.

Poetry and Prose

ALAN DEVOE

THIS EARTH OF OURS, as it travels spinning through its baffling journey in space and time, has two kinds of passengers aboard. We may describe them, in one fairly useful and easily alliterative way, as literalists and lyrists. Or, trying it another way, we may divide the company into those who, as it were, take methodical note of the adventure, and those who are in love with it. There are the folk of fact-only, and the ones ensorcerized; there are the just-observers and the ones moved to dionysiac response; there are the quick and the dead. The division may be made in any of a thousand terms, struggling to say the same thing, and indeed has been so made. It is perhaps simplest to say that the life-experience is undergone in prose or in poetry.

This department of the *MERCURY* is not for the discussion of literature, but of what, in library classification,

is called Nature. It is an advantage of the theme called "Nature," however, that in one very real and profound sense "Nature" encompasses the entirety of everything there is. What thing exists that is not a part of nature? A banker as much as a beaver is a species of fauna. "Animals" include not only foxes and woodchucks, but also you, also me. In the stretching universe of all created things, all parts and particles, there is no creaturely object to which we can point and say: That lies outside Nature. In this broadest sense of a word which has many senses, Nature is the totality of what lies open to our inspection as we make our strange journey upon this careering star. Accordingly, every now and then, it is perhaps permissible for a man whose labelled occupation is the contemplating and chronicling of "Nature" to stretch himself a bit in this large room of

meaning. In the snow-blown days of the last of winter, I have been doing some thinking about nature in terms of poetry and prose—in terms, that is, of the two kinds of life-experience, life-response, found among the passengers on our journeying earth—and that is what I want to write about this month. Perhaps it is just the blizzardy grayness of the weather, but I have been entertaining so dense a gloom of spirit that the only chance of possibly getting rid of it is to write it down.

WHAT STARTED THE THING was a book-review. As I have myself lately published a new book, I must be at pains to say that the book under review was not mine. It was, however, what is called a “nature” book, as mine are. It was a book, to be precise, “about birds.” The man who wrote it, clearly, had had his heart lifted and his being set ablaze by the look of a hawk in the high sky, the melting music of a wood thrush in a green glen, the lusty exuberating of the crows that sail down the blustering October winds of New England’s smoky-golden autumns; and so now, as in a shout of celebration, he had written a book about this. He was a man, evidently, of warmly flowing human juices, a man of ardor, such a man as we have been describing, in dividing the company of this earth’s passengers, as one whose spirit leaps in

response to the poetry of the life-adventure.

Very well; he had written this book about birds. (It had better have a name, for handiness. Let’s call it *Skyways*.) Into *Skyways* this bird-bedaft life-lover, this joy-dancing marveller of a bird-enchanted man, had managed to put a large lot of bird-factuality and bird-information, all of it, so far as I know, accurate enough, and much of it arrestingly interesting simply as fact. Plainly, however, it had not been the intention of the writer of *Skyways* to beget a manual of bird-fact. He had not wanted to rest upon *describing* birds; he had wanted to *celebrate* them. He had wanted to pluck the reader by the sleeve, and shake him and dance around him with ecstatic caperings, and direct his gaze upward with shining eyes, and beseech him to join in a shout of “Gloria! Gloria! Mark how that goshawk splits the air like an arrow.” He had wanted to say: “*God*, but it is holy-sweet in this green wood, hearing the wood thrush sing. Come with me, participate and revel. Here is the nest now . . . you see how glory-lit?”

He had wanted to do things like that; for this man was of the company of the lyrical, the life-juiceful, *guillare di Dio*. So he wrote his book. So what became of it? Well, it was a “book about nature,” wasn’t it? More, it was a “book about birds?” And so, of course, it must fall rightly,

for review, within the province of somebody who "knows about birds." The review of *Skyways* which I read the other day — (the blizzard swirling outside, and the sky gray as death, and little likelihood ever of any Spring or any hope) — was written by an ornithologist.

I DON'T KNOW if the author of *Skyways* is an old man or a young one, weary-wise about human be-devilments or still all eager-hearted and innocent as the world's morning. I hope the former, so he has not hanged himself. I don't know, either, whether perhaps his book may have received other reviews, which I have not seen, which may have been written by warm-juiced men, lyrical men, dancing-spirited men, of his own company. I hope there have been such. For if there has been only this ornithologist, and others of that part of this earth's divided company of passengers, to make mention of *Skyways* in reviews . . . It doesn't bear much thinking about.

Here:

"This little book of bird-studies, arranged in haphazard sequence, presents few facts not already familiar to most persons interested in the field. However, even elementary material can be valuable if well organized and carefully handled. The present work is unfortunately marred by habitual use of variant local species-names, and, where formal identifications are made, they often fail to conform to the most recent revisions of the

A.O.U. Checklist. (The Ibid's Sparrow mentioned on page 214 should be Ergo's Sparrow.) In addition the writer, doubtless to be "entertaining", employs an extravagant form of expression. There is no index."

There it is. That's all. The End. So much for *Skyways*, that singing little book out of a singing heart, that merry and worshipful and prankish-happy little piece of print, that celebration. There is no index.

As I said earlier, perhaps it's just the blizzards and the gray sky of these last winter days, but I have been heavily cast down. I have been feeling a sufficiently violent gloom, in fact, to be thinking that possibly what we need is nothing less than an entire revolution in our system of library classification.

It is the present and longstanding custom to classify literary works according to Subject. But really now, I wonder, is this anything more than a kind of fossilized fatuity? It isn't the *subject* that determines what kind of book a book is; what determines that is the spirit of the writer who writes it. And there are two kinds of writers aboard this spinning earth, as there are two kinds of people in general. There are those who describe; and there are those who celebrate; even as, in all ways and walks, there are those who go about methodically taking note and those who go about rhapsodically being in love. *Warbler Sub-Species of Eastern Wisconsin*, as things stand

now, is a "book about birds," and *Skyways*, too, as things stand now, is a "book about birds." This may help to tidy the lives of librarians, but is it sense? May it not move a bird-daft man, who had loved with a great love, to hang himself from the next rafter?

DURING THE LAST few gloomy days I have been prowling around libraries, having a look; and the heart is as lead. They've got Robert Gibbings down as "Travel," I see, a little way along the shelf from something called *Motor Journeys Through New England*. Now Gibbings, as it happens, does some travelling, but if he stayed at home all the time under the bed, his books would be the same sort of thing they are now; which is to say lively and lovely life-affirmations, shouts of glee, lyrical leapings-up of the spirit to the splendor and the fun of the poetry of being. And the *Motor Journeys* man . . . well, I am sure his book is accurate. I am sure it is accurate 'til it aches. Thorough, too. But not in all its pages of well-organized precision is there ever that heart-in-the-throat response to life, that dance-and-howl-under-the-moon delight, that is the mark of one kind of wayfarer through the life-experience and not of another kind. He

has taken notes this man, and sound ones. He has not fallen in love.

That's the way it is under "Travel." It gets worse under "Theology" — the lilting and mischievous life-appreciations of Chesterton cheek-by-jowl with some Church Histories of the kind justly called "exhaustive" and "well-documented." If you look under "Birds" . . . well, I frankly was afraid to look. I don't think I could have borne the sight of *Skyways* there, its small song stilled, its index absent.

What do we do? I don't know. Could we issue all books perhaps with a cover-stamped "S" for Stodgy or "A" for Ardent? Or perhaps, in the manner of faucets, a "C" for the Cold and Chilly and an "H" for the heat of the heart? I don't know. There's nothing really feasible at all, I guess. But I wish there were. For the passengers aboard this planet may be all the same species, but they are not all the same kind; and men are more separate than subjects. Once upon a time there was a man with birds in his heart, and he was full of praise and passion and he wanted to communicate this and share it. I cannot get it out of my head that somewhere, in a locked room, he is at the moment standing with his belt in his hand, meditatively eying a rafter.

Draughts of Old Bourbon

**But
Who**



Does Ike Like?

William Bradford Huie

THERE IS no doubt that a great many Americans like Ike. In fact, it's difficult to imagine an American who dislikes Ike. The general is a splendid fellow — decent and honest and affable — and he has served this country well. Only a misanthrope could work up much of a hate against Eisenhower as a gentleman and a soldier and a patriot.

But as a candidate for the Presidency, there are proper reservations about him. One of the important reservations is expressed in the popular saying: I Might Like Ike If I

Knew What Ike Liked. The election of 1952 is a grim business to many Americans: our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor are involved, and we'd rather not let the election become a beauty, a popularity, or even a personality contest. The issues are far more important than any personality — many citizens yearn to know more about the general's views.

In time perhaps the general will make his views known; meanwhile, there seems to be a second question of almost equal importance. *Who* does Ike like? Who are the men who

constitute his political gang? Who will be his bridge partners if he gains the White House? Who will tell jokes to him? Who will write his speeches? Who will be his Harry Hopkins? Or his Harry Vaughan? Or his Dean Acheson?

These questions are important, for many Americans are just tired of the same old faces around Washington. We want the household moving companies to do a lot of business in early 1953. We'd like to see some new approaches tried out in Washington; we'd like to hear some new jokes; and, since the White House has been completely renovated, we'd like for an entirely new gang to take over and see if they can do any better. Even if the new gang is just as cussed as the old gang, the fact that their faces are different may divert us and make our taxes somewhat easier to bear.

A tired old drama can often be made more interesting simply by inserting a new cast of characters, and many of us are willing to resort to this experience in 1952. But will Ike change the cast?

From all reports Ike's favorite individual is the old laughing boy from Mississippi, George Allen. Allen was court jester for Roosevelt, and Roosevelt rewarded him by making him director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and letting him dole out a few-odd millions to business men so that said business men would put him on their boards

of directors. Then Allen began telling the jokes for Truman's poker parties, and he is now rich and fat and funny from peddling a few laughs and a little influence.

I'm not personally opposed to George. We Southerners have to stick together in these alien Yankee lands, and we take pride in each other's prosperity. I know that George is a man of honor: he's opposed to all forms of graft he's not in on, and undoubtedly he's now honest up to — well, up to some tremendous amount of cash or favor. But the trouble is, Allen has run out of jokes. He's repeating himself, and just because Ike hasn't heard all the jokes, will he keep Allen around to bore the rest of us?

Question number one for Ike — and this is probably more important than his views on the FEPC — is: Who will tell his jokes? Will it be Allen, or will he give another jokester a chance at the big time?

DURING THE SECOND WAR there were two generals who owed their positions almost entirely to President Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins. They were Generals Marshall and Eisenhower. These were the two "political" generals, and their political mentor was Hopkins. They advanced in rank because they had Hopkins' favor, and they supported each other.

Now, the question is, Hopkins being dead, would General Marshall

be the elder statesman of an Eisenhower administration?

Many Americans share this feeling about General Marshall: we adore him. We consider him the greatest chief of staff since Alexander the Great. He is a sincere patriot. He deserves so much of this republic — and most of all he deserves rest.

We Americans who hold this view are opposed to any disturbing of General Marshall's rest. We don't think he should be called to the White House on any occasion for advice. And we are afraid to risk General Marshall on any other missions such as his one to China. One more Marshall mission might be fatal to the general — and it might also be fatal to the country.

A favorite of General Marshall around the Pentagon is Mrs. Anna Rosenberg; and a columnist recently reported that Mrs. Rosenberg is Ike's choice for Secretary of Defense.

Personally I like Mrs. Rosenberg; and I like the idea of having a woman in charge of the War Department. But can't Ike change the cast? How about Dorothy Thompson? Or Vivian Kellems? What's Anna Rosenberg got that they haven't got? Think of the newsreel shots of either Miss Thompson or Miss Kellems slogging along in helmet, boots, khaki breeches, and poncho, visiting our war fronts!

A tired old capitalist around and about is Averill Harriman. He's been the New Deal's kept Republican

for longer than anybody can remember. Roosevelt kept him around chiefly to pay Hopkins' alimony, and he sent him off on those missions which have cost solvent Americans so much blood and money.

It's a safe guess that most of us are now willing to let Mr. Harriman retire. He deserves rest. A man's little finger can be arched safely only over so many teacups in a lifetime; and Harriman has earned the right to be turned out to graze in Sun Valley.

But how can Harriman retire if Ike becomes President? He is one of Ike's closest friends. While the general was president of Columbia University, there was some embarrassment because the general didn't seem able to raise the money that the trustees had hoped he could raise. So Harriman came to his rescue and gave Columbia a vast, 180-room white elephant called Arden House up on the Hudson. This gift enabled the Harrimans to quit paying taxes on Arden House and transferred the upkeep to Columbia.

Suppose Ike becomes President and his friend Harriman makes a few gifts like Arden House to the government? Can we afford it?

Another of the New Deal's favorite Republicans, John Foster Dulles, is well-liked by Ike. There are some who believe that Mr. Dulles would become Secretary of State in any Eisenhower administration. This prospect is not likely to stir up much

enthusiasm among a large number of Republicans.

MR. DULLES' RIVAL for the State secretaryship under Eisenhower probably would be Paul Hoffman, the automobile manufacturer who has been devoting his life to giving money away.

Mr. Hoffman is a fine American; there is only one thing that should make him a bit suspect. He's already been infected with the Washington Disease. This infection needs understanding. Take a successful American business man. He's spent his life practicing thrift and monogamy and satisfying the board of directors. Then, about the time of the male climacteric, he comes to Washington and takes on Public Responsibility. He quits saving money and starts spending it. He quits paring budgets and starts blowing them up. He acquires Social Consciousness and a global viewpoint. He begins to yearn to help the poor, downtrodden fellahin along the Nile, or to build a TVA on the Jordan. Before long he's talking about the reactionaries, the isolationists, and the obstructionists who are harrassing his efforts to Build a Better World.

Mr. Hoffman is now completely global; he's gone through all the stages on conversion from an automobile builder into a world builder. Is this the man that Ike likes for Secretary of State? If so, all of us who like Ike deserve to know it.

Up to this point, in our efforts to discover who Ike likes, we can forecast this much of a White House gang:

1. Harry Hopkins. As Ike's political godfather, his picture must hang over Ike's desk, and his ghost must be honored and summoned up at crisis.

2. George Allen, court jester and the President's confidant.

3. General Marshall, elder statesman and chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

4. Anna Rosenberg, Secretary of National Defense.

5. Paul Hoffman, Secretary of State.

6. Averill Harriman, elder statesman and chief missionary.

If this will be the core of the new White House gang, who will write the general's speeches? Will it be Robert Sherwood, who wrote Roosevelt's best ones, or will it be Joe Barnes, who did much of the writing on Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*? Or will the general toss out these writers and bring in a new one?

Mr. Barnes, who has done the most work for the general so far, has been identified by a number of witnesses as a member of the Communist Party; and during the many years that Barnes was foreign editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* he never missed an opportunity to praise the Chinese Reds and General Marshall's "understanding" of them, and he carried water for Hopkins

and Acheson and all the American friends of the Soviet Union.

Besides Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Barnes, the other writers whom Ike likes are Drew Pearson and John Gunther. And, yes, there is Quentin Reynolds, who devotes most of his time now to editing a magazine for the United Nations.

Pearson, whatever may be the truth about him, is a contemptible figure to most industrious and intelligent Americans; he is the contriving liar who contrived some of the lies used against the late James Forrestal; and it is conceivable that he could take some time off from peddling little liver pills to help the President with his speeches.

Mr. Gunther and Mr. Reynolds are honorable men who have experienced difficulty in restraining their enthusiasm for the New Deal. That they should now be enthusiastic about a Republican who has announced himself as opposed to the New Deal is cause for some reflection.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, February 8, 1952, the first of many projected Eisenhower Rallies was held in New York's Madison Square Garden. Because the fights don't break up in the Garden until 11

p.m., the rally was scheduled for 11 to 1 a.m. in order to keep the fight crowds.

What made this rally remarkable were these facts:

1. The crowd didn't come. Tex McCrary was toastmaster; Franchot Tone and Barbara Peyton had front seats; Irving Berlin and Ethel Merman sang *I Like Ike* from their show *Call Me Madam*; and almost any famous star of show business can usually fill the Garden on a Friday night after the fights. But the television cameras showed great yawning rows of empty seats.

2. This was a political rally in which many of those in attendance had had their expenses paid for the trip. The presence of "thousands of Texans" had been advertised, and most of these people, including a fifty-piece band, had traveled to New York and stayed at hotels at the expense of the Eisenhower Bandwagon Committee.

3. Most of the sponsors and speakers at this rally were former rabid supporters of Roosevelt and Truman. It was a "Republican" rally at which Republicans were scarce!

There are a lot of strange bedfellows who are proclaiming that they like Ike. But the question remains: Who does Ike like?

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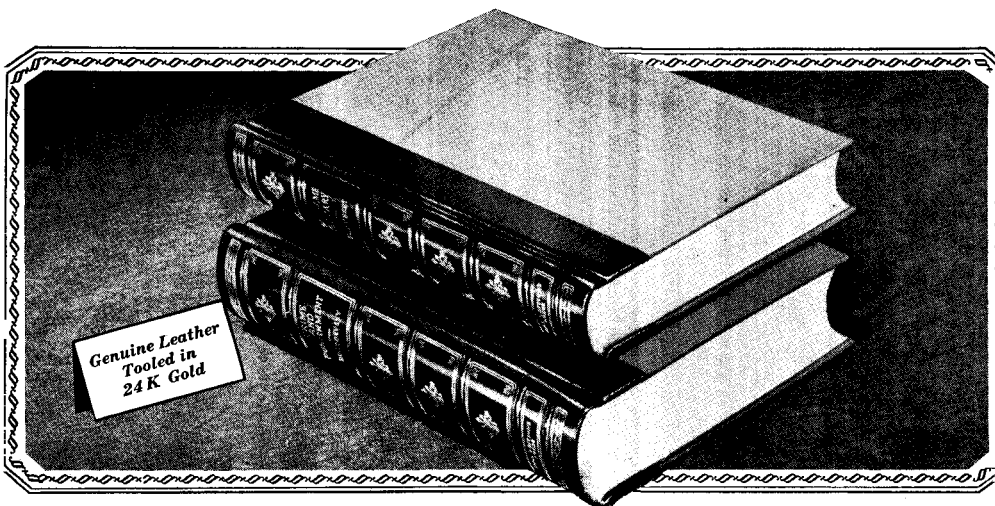
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